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NO, GOVERNOR FULLER of Massachusetts was not nominated for Vice-President at Kansas City. It is true that there was a determined movement to win the office for him. History was to repeat itself. Another Calvin Coolidge was to come from Massachusetts; another stern, unbending defender of justice and the courts was to step out of the Bay State into the national arena. Two men interposed—Sacco and Vanzetti. The group of Republican leaders who assembled to select a candidate for Vice-President included Mr. Mellon, Mrs. McCormick, Senator Borah, and eight or nine others. The claims of Governor Fuller were put forward. One of the Senators present listened and then said emphatically: "We'll not put the Sacco-Vanzetti issue into *this* campaign." Whereupon all consideration of Mr. Fuller's name was dropped. Later, a young man who has Senatorial ambitions put Governor Fuller in nomination; his plea fell on deaf ears; only the Massachusetts delegation clapped; the Governor of Massachusetts polled not a single vote. The very men whose death at his hands was to give him a national career made that advancement impossible. More than that, the story is that when Governor Fuller was notified that he had been passed over and that the leaders were considering ex-Governor Cox, he said: "If it can't be Fuller it won't be Cox." So the latter's name was also dropped. Though dead, yet shall they live.

> My country owes me nothing. . . . It gave me schooling, independence of action, opportunity for service, and honor. In no other land could a boy from a country village, without inheritance or influential friends, look forward with unbounded hope.

THUS HERBERT HOOVER in his telegram of gratitude to Senator Moses, chairman of the Republican National Convention. What could prove better that the candidate has already acquired the familiar spread-eagleism of the ordinary American politician? Somebody ought at least to tell Mr. Hoover that there is a man named J. Ramsay MacDonald of obscure parentage, born without heritage save ability and honesty; yet he, without influential friends, looked forward with such unbounded hope that he became Prime Minister of Great Britain. Next somebody should tell Herbert Hoover the story of the harness-maker who became the first President of the German Republic, having been born of humblest parentage, with no such inheritance as was Mr. Hoover's. Next somebody should ask Mr. Hoover to turn to Italy and gaze upon one Mussolini, who was certainly not born with a golden spoon in his mouth, but forced his way upward. Next his attention should be invited to one Georges Clemenceau in France and even to one Napoleon Bonaparte, who is reported in various histories to have worked his way up from obscurity to the foremost place in France without money and without influential friends. No country but America which offers opportunity? Faugh, Mr. Hoover! That is buncombe. You know vastly better.

GOVERNOR RITCHIE'S WITHDRAWAL in favor of Governor Smith makes almost inevitable the Governor's nomination at Houston. So the Democratic Party insists upon entering the Presidential campaign with a man who will draw fire at once on three counts. Let no one underestimate the part that the Governor's membership in Tammany Hall will play in the campaign. The Hall is anathema among thinking Americans and they have no desire to place one of its sachems in the White House. As to whether his "wetness" will help or hurt the Governor, remains to be seen. As Senator Moses declared to the Kansas City convention, the Republican Party is ready for the Governor and will force the fighting on the Tammany issue. Now that it has usurped the place of the Prohibition Party with its bone-dry plank, the party of Hoover will, of course, also attack Governor Smith's opposition to prohibition with all the hypocrisy of which it is capable—and that is saying a good deal. As for Governor Ritchie's appeal to Democrats to get behind Al Smith and to form a solid front, that is well meant, but impossible. There are thousands upon thousands of Democrats who cannot be dragooned or importuned into voting for Governor Smith at any cost.

NEWSPAPER EDITORS are usually canny judges of public interest, but we doubt if they guessed wisely on Kansas City. Could any human being read through the endless columns about the heat, the booze, the farmers, the platforms, the women, the vice-presidential booms, the po-

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litical bargaining that filled the papers from coast to coast? The New York *Times* gave the convention six pages on Monday, nine on Tuesday, ten on Wednesday, nine on Thursday, and twelve on Friday of the Kansas City week; and the *Herald Tribune* filled sixty columns, enough for a book, on the morning after the perspiring delegates went through the well-anticipated motions of nominating Herbert Hoover. Yet this is a country in which less than half the eligible voters take the trouble to go to the polls, and a year in which both party nominations were sure bets long before the first ballot was cast. The editor of the tabloid *Daily News*, which boasts the largest circulation in America, knew his public when he gave Hoover and the convention just three pages out of sixty-four.

MR. COOLIDGE'S PRIVATE WAR in Nicaragua, for which United States marines are paying with their lives and United States citizens with their pocket-books, is to have its fighting line increased by another 1,000 men. These, with the 4,000 marines already in the republic, will make a total force of 5,000 supporting one faction in a political quarrel which is none of our business. There had been no damages to American property before we invaded the republic; much less was there any danger to American lives. Since our invasion a score of marines have been killed and nobody knows how many disabled by disease. But though the cost has been severe to us, it has been still heavier to the Nicaraguans. Clifford D. Ham, who has just relinquished the post of Collector of Customs (for Wall Street bankers), estimates that 1,500 to 2,000 Nicaraguans have lost their lives in the revolution, practically instigated and supported by our Department of State. This represents one-third of 1 per cent of the population, equivalent to 350,000 persons in the United States. Mr. Ham puts the money cost to Nicaragua, including damage to crops and property of various sorts, at $20,000,000. No light responsibility, Mr. Coolidge!

WHAT GOES ON IN THE VATICAN is hidden from the outside world. But enough of the Mexican church-and-state situation has leaked out to make the main currents clear. Two years ago the Catholic church in Mexico went on strike. It refused to accept laws which made it definitely subservient to the state. For a time not only the priests but the Catholic populace struck. There was to be a boycott, a refusal to do business. Then the old habits again asserted themselves; people bought and sold as usual. Only babies were not baptized, confessions were not heard. Some of the more ardent Catholics met secretly; a few even entered armed revolt against the government. Catholics in the United States were stirred to sympathy with their suffering brethren in Mexico. Some bishops fled at once; others were violently deported. The vigor of the government lost it some sympathy abroad, but on the whole it suffered less than the church. And today most of the hierarchy in the United States, and part of the Mexican hierarchy, is ready to make terms with the Calles Government. A recent meeting of Mexican bishops at San Antonio showed a majority in favor of a compromise. But there are bitter-enders, and the bitterest bitter-enders, men who have been out of Mexico in these two changing years, are in Rome today, seeking to persuade the Pope not to ratify the understanding reached by their titular leader, Archbishop Ruis, with the Mexican President. The Vatican moves slowly, but it moves, and it is aware that the church is losing ground in Mexico today. Intelligent Catholics are also aware that Calles, precisely because he has been so intensely anti-Catholic, is in a better political position to make concessions to the church than Obregon will be when he takes office in the autumn.

IT IS NO SECRET that Ambassador Morrow has helped to bring the moderate wing of the Mexican Catholics and the Mexican Government together. Nor do we doubt that Mr. Morrow had something to do with the spectacular good-will flight of Major Carranza to Washington and with the last-minute luncheon given to the Mexican aviator by the President just before his departure for Wisconsin. Mr. Morrow seems to have a genius for advertising good-will. His ham-and-egg breakfasts with President Calles and Lindbergh and Will Rogers in Mexico were early examples, and Major Carranza's flight is even better. For one of the most important things that can be done to better Mexican-American relations is to get into the consciousness of the American people the real capacity of the Mexicans. Artists know the quality of modern Mexican art, but the proportion of artists in the United States is low; and the fact that Mexico has a first-class aviator will do more to build up Yankee respect for Mexico than a dozen Diego Riveras.

PARKER GILBERT, Agent General for Reparation Payments, in his interim report of June 7, again announces that Germany has loyally, and faithfully, and promptly met all the payments demanded of her during the period under consideration. In the twelve months ending August 31, it will have deposited to the Agent General's account 1,750,000,000 marks, the total amount of the fourth annuity. In paying tribute to Germany's scrupulous observance of the terms of her agreement Mr. Gilbert merely repeats what he has taken occasion to say in all of his reports. More important is his declaration that Germany will be able to meet the maximum payment demanded, 2,500,000,000 marks, which begins on August 31, next, for this has been much disputed up to this time. The Germans themselves, and many English experts, have said it was not humanly possible for the Reich to do this. Curiously enough, Mr. Gilbert's assertion is not contradicted by the Berlin press, which up to this time has been declaring that the maximum payments were impossible. Instead it limits itself to dissenting from Mr. Gilbert's suggestion that the railroads could stand higher rates. On the other hand, in an able article in the *New Republic*, Frank Simonds insists that Germany has been able to pay reparations and finance her purchases abroad only by borrowing. He even goes so far as to say: "The fact is that Germany can pay nothing," and he insists that the Allies know it, and that they are merely hoping that Germany will consent to settle their entire claim against it by one great issue of bonds, with her industry, her annual budget, and her railways as the support thereof.

THERE IS PLENTY OF FREE SPEECH in Fall River, Massachusetts, for everyone who is popular with Chief of Police Martin Feeney. Communist leaders of the Textile Mills Committee who are attempting to start a strike in Fall River's cotton mills are not highly esteemed by Chief Feeney, so he forbade them to hold a meeting in the city on June 6 on the ground that they were "radical reds" coming

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to "incite trouble." Even if Chief Feeney has never read the Constitution of the United States he should know something about the rulings of Massachusetts courts in such cases. The Superior Court of Massachusetts has recently overruled a chief of police in a case which presents exactly the same problem. In July, 1926, the chief of police of Lawrence, Massachusetts, arrested Fred E. Beal, now of the Textile Mills Committee, for holding an open-air meeting in that city without a permit, but the Civil Liberties Union appealed the case to the Superior Court and won. The arrogance of a Massachusetts police chief in violating the law immediately after the courts had ruled against such a usurpation is another instance of the contempt for law so common among our legal guardians.

SEATTLE HIGH-SCHOOL TEACHERS have lately received two pointers. Pointer one is that high-school teachers should be content with their wages, however low. Pointer two is that they must not organize to better their condition. This little lesson they have learned in their struggle to remain organized as Local 200 of the American Federation of Teachers, of which about half of the 500 teachers were members. After the formation of the union the Seattle School Board passed a rule whereby thereafter, before employing a teacher, they would require him to sign a pledge of non-affiliation with the American Federation of Teachers both before employment and during the term of the contract. Superior Judge Howard M. Findlay upheld this ruling of the school board, citing a decision of the Illinois Supreme Court in a similar case which held that "the board has the absolute right to decline to employ or to reemploy any applicant for any reason whatever or for no reason at all." To the Seattle teachers this seemed to be discrimination against their union and a restriction of their rights under the Constitution. They argued that since such eminent educators as John Dewey of Columbia and Dean Joseph Hart of Wisconsin recognized the federation and approved of its activities, it could hardly be immoral or anti-social. Although the teachers have decided to resign from the union for the present—to keep their jobs—they plan an appeal to higher courts.

OUTBOARD-MOTOR-BOAT RACING seems to have taken its place among the more exciting sporting events. No longer does the old Evinrude, looking like an outmoded coffee grinder, propel the flat-bottomed family rowboat around the lake at about three and a half miles an hour. Times have changed, and outboard motors, like Ford cars, have acquired speed and dash; and in so doing they have become a fad. In a recent "outboard Marathon" between Boston and New York thirty boats took part and the winning three made the distance—265 miles—in about fourteen hours. At the international motor-boat meet in Germany the outboard races have attracted much attention. One of the leading competitors was Helen Henschel of Flushing, New York, while another woman, Frau Krueger, won in her class. To see these tiny craft—some ordinary V-bottom boats, some cut on sea-sled lines—bucking the waves of the open ocean is to realize that new possibilities for dangerous exploits are at hand. Now that Amelia Earhart and her companions have landed safely in their seaplane off the coast of Wales, we may expect any day to hear that Helen Henschel has set out from Hamburg for New York in her outboard motor-boat.

Emmeline Pankhurst

EMMELINE PANKHURST is dead. For most of us she may be said to have died many years ago, for it was in 1914 that Mrs. Pankhurst dropped the fight for freedom and human equality to join the extreme war party in England in its excess of blind and savage patriotic fury. She abandoned her cause and later other men and women won it for her. And then she committed a second spiritual suicide by joining the Conservative Party. It is difficult not to believe that these were the acts of a zealot whose reason the fires of bitterness and indignation had gradually consumed. Those of us who, before the war, saw or knew Mrs. Pankhurst will wish to forget the years of her decline. Whether we feared her or admired her, we shall always remember her as one of the most valiant, persuasive, indomitable personalities ever encountered. She was a great leader and a great fighter.

In commenting upon Mrs. Pankhurst's life the New York *Herald Tribune* remarks that the suffrage campaign "involved some of the most extraordinary performances ever recorded in the annals of agitation, of fanaticism, and of crime, including arson, destruction of priceless property, and more than one murderous assault, together with innumerable acts which were simply spectacular and sometimes ludicrous." This is not the place to discuss the merits of militancy and the use of force. It is sufficient to say that the suffragettes used the time-honored tactics of rebels and warriors the world over, mitigating them and modifying them to reduce suffering and prevent bloodshed. It is interesting to contrast this picture of Mrs. Pankhurst and her methods with the description given by Henry W. Nevinson in "More Changes More Chances." Of Mrs. Pankhurst he says:

> Emmeline Pankhurst possessed above all the indefinable gift of "personality." The record of her life was written upon her face in lines of patience, resolution, and courage. (I think she was imprisoned fourteen or fifteen times, and ten times she underwent the pain of the hunger-and-thirst strike in protest against the Government's callous duplicity.) In speaking, her voice could move an immense audience by its quiet passion and subdued pathos, never approaching the sentimental, which always lay so dangerously close to the women's demand.

As for the quality of courage among the militants, Mr. Nevinson remarks:

> The danger now is that the younger generation of women will forget the heroic devotion of the women who fought to win political freedom for them. No woman who did not live through the midst of that struggle can ever realize what it meant to sensitive, highly educated, and naturally polite women to suffer what the militant suffragists then suffered—the physical suffering inflicted by the brutality of the police and Liberal stewards at public meetings, by the crowds in the streets and the wardresses in the prisons, by the torment of the hunger strike and by the abomination of forcible feeding. But worse still for such women to bear were the foul insults heaped upon them by filthy-minded men. . . . Scarcely less degraded were the Members of Parliament who taunted them from the doors of St. Stephen's when they strove to present manifestos to the Prime Minister, and the consecrated clergy who mocked them from safe coverts behind the Abbey railings.

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Herbert Hoover Wins

BY default Mr. Hoover won the nomination at Kansas City—by default of a single courageous opponent, and because Calvin Coolidge left the convention in doubt until the last as to whether he would or would not run. So we have Hoover of California and Curtis of Kansas as the new leaders of the Republican Party, and they are off to as unpromising a start as any Republican candidates have faced in decades, standing upon a platform which for platitudinous stuffiness and downright hypocrisy far excels the ordinary political fustian. Mr. Hoover himself, of course, represents personally a much finer type than Harding or Coolidge. He has had unusual experiences in life and has demonstrated rare administrative ability. That there was a considerable public demand for his nomination, based upon his services in Belgium and at home during the war, and his humanitarian efforts to feed and clothe the starving, whether Jews, Russians, Austrians, Germans, or Armenians, we gladly admit. Did Mr. Hoover live up to the ideal man which many worthy people have in mind as being Herbert Hoover, we, too, should be inclined to hail his nomination as a notable event in our politics. We, too, held the highest opinion of him when he returned from Europe in 1919. We, too, recognize without reservation his very considerable administrative achievements as Secretary of Commerce.

But there we must stop. We have seen him deteriorate since 1919 into the most ordinary of opinion-changing, favor-seeking, pussy-footing politician, jettisoning one after another all the views he held in 1919, as it seemed advantageous to do so, and finally shutting up altogether. Now he has gratefully accepted the nomination from the reactionary wing of the Republicans with whom he said in 1920 he would have "nothing to do," upon a platform which does violence to every opinion he held when he called on the American people to elect a Democratic Congress in 1918; when he carried the Michigan primary as a Democrat; when he and thirty-one other prominent Republicans urged every Republican voter who favored the League of Nations to vote for Warren Harding as the surest way of achieving America's entry into the League. He who in 1919 was heartily opposed to prohibition is now to stand on the driest plank which Mr. Borah could fashion, adopted by a convention opened by Senator Fess, a paid agent of the Anti-Saloon League.

We know, of course, that hypocrisy and the changing of political beliefs are about as characteristic of almost all our latter-day politicians as their eating, drinking, and sleeping. But we are disgusted and disappointed by the apostasy of Herbert Hoover, because he seemed in Belgium to typify American idealism; because he was held up to us as a man morally and materially far superior to the ordinary politician, as one who was not a politician but a master mind, admirably fitted for the Presidency, certain to give us just what we need, a government without politicians or politics. And then we see him supported by the same Bill Vare who was excluded from the Senate for excellent reasons; by all the survivors of Harding's "Ohio gang" who are not dead or in jail; by that unctuous but besmirched moralist, Will H. Hays; by George Lockwood and Blair Coan (the latter suborned perjury to discredit Senator Wheeler). We hear people saying that that is not Mr. Hoover's fault; that he cannot order people not to work for him. But the point is that some of these men have been paid for out of the not less than $500,000 which it cost to nominate him. The Hoover of 1920 would certainly have refused to permit such men to be in the remotest degree associated with his campaign. The Hoover of 1920 would have been ashamed to stand on a platform which commits this country to a program of crass materialism, of dollar diplomacy, of downright imperialism, of special privilege.

Nor are we moved by the familiar insistence that Mr. Hoover had to be practical in order to win. That excuse has done duty to cover the rascalities of men in office for generations past. The circumstance that when good men stoop to unworthy acts and unworthy associations they are excused by facile apologists on the ground that otherwise they cannot win does more to encourage men in office to do wrong than almost any other influence. We decline to be swayed in our judgment of Mr. Hoover by a specious argument like this, any more than we were kept by it from criticizing Mr. Wilson or Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Lodge for similar compromises.

Beyond the fact that Mr. Hoover, if elected, may bring about some important administrative reorganization, we see little to choose between him and Charles Curtis or James Watson. They now stand, bound together by the platform, for exactly the same things. No more than Senator Watson has Herbert Hoover ever opened his mouth to denounce the corruption which took place under his own unseeing eyes as he sat in the Harding Cabinet. Never has this moral leader, this godly Quaker, been able to express the slightest regret that, while he was a prominent part of it, the name of the American government has been dragged in the mire. Others may support this man upon this platform with this record if they choose. We shall not. We should deem ourselves recreant to everything that we hold dear in American life if we did so. We should break with all of the sixty-three years of political independence and idealism avowed and upheld by us and our editorial predecessors. We are sick and tired of political turncoats.

As for Charles Curtis, he is eminently fitted to be Mr. Hoover's companion on the ticket. From the superficial politician's point of view it was doubtless a shrewd move. He is personally popular, far more so than Mr. Hoover, and he will undoubtedly campaign well in the Middle Western States, where he is at home, while Mr. Hoover may be bound to the radio wherever he may be. But Mr. Curtis has nothing of genuine leadership. He is a wheel-horse, a party hack, a regular of the regulars, who deliberately cast in his lot with the machine of the late Speaker Cannon when he entered Congress. Never in his life has he shown a spark of independence. He is for things as they are, as long as the party lasts and he is at hand to benefit; but at least he is steady and consistent, and one knows where to place him. It seems to us as if no man could receive a nomination for the second highest office in the nation without some deep emotion, some realization of what such a

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trust means. His speech of acceptance carries its own message.

Behind Mr. Hoover stands the Republican Party, and that fact alone ought to estop any liberal from voting for the Secretary of Commerce—even if he were everything that his greatest admirers assert that he is. It remains the party of privilege, of Big Business, of predatory wealth. It has not changed a hair of its head since the day when Theodore Roosevelt declared of it that "it is utterly hopeless to expect any sincerity or devotion to any principle of any concern to the people as a whole from a party the machinery of which is usurped and held by the powers that prey." Since that was written the party has in addition become rotten with corruption. It is still the party of Fall, of Harry Daugherty, of Denby, of Bill Vare, of Bascom Slemp, of Mellon. It is the party which through the protective tariff robs the masses of the American people to create vast fortunes for those whom it favors, who in turn fill its campaign chests. Let no one be so innocent as to believe that if Herbert Hoover is elected he can by the waving of a magic wand make over his party and inject into its veins a virus to give it health, to sanitate it, to produce within it fidelity to its trust and to common decency. The answer is in the proceedings at Kansas City. No confession of guilt was heard there, no ringing words of regret for the betrayal of the country, no straightforward apology or promise that great masters of capital shall not again enter the Cabinet room to purchase its members with cold cash. Senator Borah declared that his party must face this question honestly, frankly, and fearlessly, or merit defeat and the contempt of the country. It did nothing at all beyond inserting an expression that it deprecated wrongdoing and that it favored the punishment of all guilty. What callous brazenness! Everyone recalls that the party made no effort to punish the guilty until it was compelled to do so by a few patriots.

No, Presidents do not make over their parties though they may momentarily improve them, for Presidents come and Presidents go, while the party goes on. In this case the fact is that the Republican Party is merely the weapon and the refuge of the masters of privilege. They will allow no man to head it who in the long run will not do their will. It is said that some of them are not enthusiastic about the choice of Hoover. Let them take heart if he is elected, for Smoot and Mellon and David Reed and Moses and Deneen and a host of others are there to control the situation. Why should they fear Mr. Hoover? If he has not sold his soul he has certainly put up and disposed to the highest bidder all those principles and beliefs with which he returned enthused, yes, inflamed, from Paris.

Eight years ago *The Nation* declared that it was through with both of the old parties; that they were corrupt and contemptible; that we could not expect from either a genuine service to the bulk of the American people. We have not changed our views. If there was reason to demand a new party in 1920 there are many more reasons today, for during the years that have elapsed the great forces of intrenched capital have been marching on, gaining in vigor and strength and in their control of the resources which rightfully belong to the whole people. We ask no peace with them and we want none. We shall renew our stand for a new and clean peoples' party and we should continue to demand it if we stood alone. Of that there is no danger.

A Quiet Murder

The inner door was opened and Thomas Leach, a tall, handsome man, forty-five years old, who wore slippers and was somewhat rumpled and distraught, appeared behind the grill. He lived in the house with his sister, Emma Leach, fifty-five years old. . . .

"I'm sorry," said Leach courteously, when his callers had identified themselves, "but you can't come in. The truth is"—his voice sinking to a confidential note—"there are spirits here and it wouldn't be safe."

"If you refuse us admittance," said Detective Casey, "we shall go up the steps and force the front door; there's something wrong here."

Leach immediately swung open the iron grill and stood aside for the policemen to enter.

"It is just as well," he said, resignedly. "I was compelled to kill my sister last night."

He told them that her body was in her room on the third floor, and they followed him up the carpeted stairs, through the high-ceiling halls in which were niches for statuary. At their heels trotted a Spitz dog, which seemed overjoyed to have visitors. They found Miss Leach's body in the room to which her brother led them. . . .

There were tappings on the wall of his room, the significance of which he sought to interpret but could not, though obviously they were portents of evil. He thought it was about two o'clock in the morning that he resolved to save his sister at all costs. He was wearing his slippers, which enabled him to walk quietly, and he stole upstairs to his sister's room. He made no noise as he mounted the stairs, he said, but there was the sound of soft footfalls on the carpet and the air stirred as something walked up the stairs beside him. He saw that he had not a moment to waste.

He entered his sister's room and turned on the lights. As she sat up, he said, he plunged his knife, which he carried open in his hand, into her breast. He stabbed her again and again.

THE Leach murder case, we suspect, will not be a national sensation. It was a very quiet thing, as the lives of the two persons involved were quiet. Thomas and Emma Leach lived obscurely in their brownstone Brooklyn house. The case is intensely interesting nevertheless. Or it has been made so through the reporting of Robert B. Peck. For the quotation above is not from a thriller by S. S. Van Dine but from the New York *Herald Tribune.*

Whether it all happened exactly like this or whether Mr. Peck threw in a few details does not matter—except that we should like to believe that he was simply reporting, and that only through the arrangement of his facts did he achieve a little masterpiece. We cling to our faith that facts are the most exciting things, either in history or in fiction, and so we hope that Mr. Peck did not invent the niches in the hall for statuary, or the Spitz dog who frisked even about policemen as long as they brought the sunlight with them, or the soft footfalls on the carpet and the disturbance of the air above the stairs, or the knife that suddenly went in and in. These are items, of course, which would be expected in a professional thriller of the subtler sort. Indeed they are better than that—they are, we suggest, the creations of circumstance in a world as real as front doors and at the same time as unreal as much that goes on behind front doors, or at any rate behind the brows of quiet men.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

THIS promises to be the silliest Presidential campaign in many seasons. Assuming that the fight will be between Smith and Hoover, not 10 per cent of the voting will be upon the actual issues—if any. Hoover will be attacked on the ground that he was once a Democrat and is spiritually an Englishman. Industrial cities will be flooded by speakers hinting darkly that but for Hoover Ireland might have complete independence.

We have heard, of course, from Heflin of rooms in Washington already decorated in the Cardinal's colors and I know some voters who intend to support the Republican ticket because they feel that Mrs. Smith lacks the proper background to grace diplomatic dinners.

Senator Moses of New Hampshire deserves credit for stating very frankly the underlying philosophy of an American election. In closing his keynote speech at Kansas City he said:

> We enter this campaign in no posture of defense. We come upon the field aggressively militant. We intend to carry this fight to the enemy. And we challenge them to bring forth their strongest champion. Whether he emerge from another spectacle like the 103-round battle of the Madison Bear Garden, or whether he come from an overpowered convention held spellbound by the glare of the Tammany Tiger, we are ready for him. Bring him on and we will bury him. We welcome him with hospitable hands to a bloody grave. And we care not whether his name be Brown, Jones, Robinson, or Smith.

In other words, Senator Moses was saying in effect: "The man and the issues do not matter. Democrats and Republicans engage in conflict for the Presidency every four years simply because it is the custom. Now let's have a long cheer for Herbert Hoover with nine rahs on the end and after that we'll sing the 'Undertaker Song.' Everybody get into this, boys. Make this go."

This is hardly a distortion of the essential quality of the Permanent Chairman's speech. By changing a very few phrases it could readily be employed by a fighter's manager just before his charge went into the ring to battle for the heavyweight championship. And quite easily it can be adapted to the purposes of a football coach intent upon rousing the team between the halves.

Indeed, it was generally understood that the function of Moses was to lead the delegates out of the wilderness of defeatism. He was supposed to bring confidence back to a convention filled with flagging spirits. I am rather surprised that he did not borrow and amend Bill Roper's famous Princeton slogan and tell the assembled Republicans, "A party that won't be beaten, can't be beaten."

In justice to the gentleman from New Hampshire, it must be pointed out that he got down immediately to the issue, the one issue which really matters. "Lick the other fellow" is the only plank in any platform which interests the machine. And to the credit of Moses it should be said that he finished up his job in seven and one-half minutes. American politics are really very simple when all the fuss and feathers get stripped away.

But this brings up the point, "Why hold conventions?" All the newspaper prognosticators announced days in advance that the nomination was solely in the hands of Mr. Mellon. Vare managed to achieve the first page by publicly anticipating the decision of the Secretary of the Treasury, but it hardly seems likely that he had anything to do with shaping the ultimate course of Mellon. Why, then, was it necessary for so many men and women to go all the way to Kansas City, which is neither cool nor beautiful? And there had to be bands and photographers and endless correspondents and special writers. If these deliberations in the large hall were actually of no real importance our boasted American efficiency gets off rather badly.

Since it is generally believed upon excellent evidence that all vital decisions are made in small backrooms it would seem the part of wisdom to make this rendezvous a permament place of meeting. Any hotel proprietor in New York or Washington would be glad to reserve such a chamber for the master minds and even fill it full of smoke to aid deliberations. There could be a microphone at hand with the power shut off until the proper moment. In any given half hour Butler, Borah, Smoot, Hilles, and Mellon should have been able to agree upon a selection. Then, after a short announcement by Graham MacNamee, one member of the mighty could step forward and say to the waiting millions of the radio public: "We have discovered that your choice is Herbert Hoover."

This system would save a terrific amount of wear and tear, time and pulp paper. It would also prevent Simeon D. Fess from making speeches. The Senator from Ohio seems to believe that the voting public is not quite bright. And possibly he is not mistaken. Still this keynoter went just a little further than is the custom when he cited as Republican achievements the development of radio and Colonel Lindbergh's flight to Paris. He forgot to mention the mild winter and quite neglected to apologize for the late spring which we endured under the Coolidge Administration.

But of all my hates among Republican politicians Senator Borah comes first of all. He is, of course, no fool like Fess, and in his time he has been and still remains the darling of many liberals. Not one of them, I trust, will ever try to lean very much weight on Borah's shoulder, for the man furnishes but slippery support. Like March, only his entrance into a public question is leonine. Or rather, more after the manner of a timid half-back, he charges toward the line of a scrimmage only to slacken down to a walk when any tackler makes a threatening gesture. Borah has been present at the beginning of every progressive movement in American politics and he has invariably been absent at the finish.

Concerning prohibition he is fierce enough at the moment, but the Wets need not fear him whenever the issue is sharply drawn. Not even Borah can go on forever in the ridiculous contention that lax enforcement is the first successful nullification of a Constitutional provision. He has never had the courage to take any effective steps whatsoever for the preservation of all amendments. He, too, is just a politician; a Fess with a sombrero.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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The Elephant Performs at Kansas City

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Kansas City, June 16

DREARIEST and dullest of conventions—that is what we who journeyed here have witnessed. What the newspaper readers have been told about it in the East, I can only guess—probably that it was a great deliberative assembly animated by boundless enthusiasm. Why not? Before me lies a sober article from the first page of the Kansas City *Times* headed Hoover Din a Record, and it is explained that only the Roosevelt demonstration of 1912 exceeded it. In the face of that what may not be printed in New York City? The facts are that the convention was as sordid and stupid as it was dull; that after the twenty-four-minute outburst for Mr. Hoover, the enthusiasm for him waned so rapidly that there was only a faint round or two of applause when Mr. Curtis eloquently and enthusiastically referred to his running mate in his speech of acceptance as "that able and experienced Secretary at the head of our ticket"; that while others applauded, the bulk of the delegates from Wisconsin, New York, Pennsylvania, and other States remained silent; that the convention was as bankrupt of ideas as it was of leadership, and that with one or two exceptions the "oratory" was at the lowest possible mark. Never, surely, did a keynote speech get as little applause as did that of Senator Fess, not even Senator Harding's in Chicago in 1916. It fired the hearts of the delegates about as much as the appearance of an iceberg cheers the captain and officers of a North Atlantic liner. It reeked with incredible banalities and verbosities that mean exactly nothing. There were times when the whole affair bordered on the ridiculous, as when that great Republican mountain, Secretary Mellon, labored and brought forth less than a mouse, but in the main little comic relief was given us. Finally, it is a fact that the bulk of the correspondents assembled here were, with the exception of a few men who are passionately working for Mr. Hoover, more cynical and sharper in their private comment and more generally disgusted than I have ever observed them to be. They are beginning to be revolted by the whole circus.

As I suggested in my dispatch of last Monday, what we have been witnessing has been the inevitable flowering of the Coolidge leadership, so called. After his seven years in the White House the party is bankrupt of leadership and had really no one to put forth except Mr. Hoover, and it was equally destitute of policies or of a genuine program. As William Allen White has said, there is not one line in the platform to suggest the progressive policies of 1912, or anything else that smacks of humanitarianism. Mr. White was glad that he had a hand in putting into the platform the phrase granting to labor the right of collective bargaining through leaders of its own choosing—a phrase which some said was Mr. Hoover's own. Beyond that there was nothing to which a former Progressive could "point with pride."

As for Mr. Coolidge, his stock with the delegates tumbled as rapidly as did values on the Stock Exchange in New York after the joyous news reached it that Hoover was the certain nominee. The allies laid at the President's door the fact that the uncertainty in which he left them as to whether he would or would not accept the nomination prevented their coming together to oppose a united front to Hoover. They felt that if he really wanted the nomination to drift into Hoover's hands he might just as well have said so months ago when the outside candidacies would have ceased—instead of which he was quoted as having wished one of the other candidates "all luck" when that gentleman was about to take a train for Kansas City. Again, the delegates felt that as he had got them into a mess by vetoing the McNary-Haugen bill he should have helped them out by suggesting, if not a compromise plank, then one which he wished to have accepted. Instead, they felt he had just washed his hands of the whole thing, turned them adrift to work out their own salvation without help from him, the leader of the party; and had then even departed from Washington in the middle of the convention so that he could not be reached by telephone, if that should be deemed necessary. One of the highest officials of the government, whom I have never before heard in criticism of the President, laid the whole mess at Mr. Coolidge's door. There are, of course, those who see in the President's course tactics of remarkable shrewdness. Thus, Mr. White declares in print that it has elevated the President to "heroic stature," and he insists that it is now clear that this was precisely what Mr. Coolidge wished to achieve when he uttered the famous "I do not choose to run." But where Mr. White thinks that that was shrewd politics, there are hundreds of delegates who are cursing the President for his selfishness and his refusal to use plain words in the Black Hills last summer, or to tell them this spring that he wished Hoover to succeed him.

There were others besides Mr. Coolidge who were unveiled, first of all poor, dear Mr. Mellon, and then Governor Lowden. I had thought that the ex-Governor of Illinois offered real possibilities of leadership. When he got to Kansas City he crawled under his bed, from which point he would occasionally emit a statement that he was for the farmers first and last. He stayed there and said nothing else until he suddenly withdrew from the race when he was plainly beaten, and he did it so precipitately that none of his own supporters, not even the leaders of the Illinois delegation, were allowed to know that he was contemplating this step until it was announced from the rostrum. Mr. Lowden's career is over. Mr. Mellon still remains in office, but he is absolutely deflated—as thoroughly as were the farmers after the war. Bill Vare trumped his hand, or rather he took every card away from him by the simple threat of coming out for Hoover. I was one of a group of a couple of hundred newspapermen who stood around waiting to get Mellon's all-inspiring message. After an hour of being packed to suffocation in the Secretary's parlor and the halls of the hotel we were first given Mr. Vare's message, and were then told that the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton had absolutely nothing to say!

There were only one or two bright spots. There was the nearest to a real debate on the agricultural plank that

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I have ever heard in a national convention. Young Senator La Follette won the honors, and the cheers of a hostile crowd, by the ability with which he presented his minority platform, prefacing it with the proud boast that of the thirty-five planks which the heretical Wisconsin delegation has offered to the party since 1908, always amid contumely and hissing, thirty-two have been enacted into law. He spoke with such good temper and once with such real wit that he easily won his audience. There was no dissent in the chorus of praise and general agreement among the newspapermen that his skill and poise in facing those unfriendly delegates have proved him to be worthy of his seat in his own right, quite aside from his heritage. There is a general belief that he will be a big factor in the party in the years to come. Of the others, ex-Governor Franklin Fort of New Jersey and Senator Borah stood out. The latter did not distinguish himself otherwise, except that he did get his bone-dry plank, and pleased nobody when he stooped to nominating Charles Curtis. The proponents of the McNary-Haugen bill were uneven in their speaking and attempted no analysis or justification of the equalization fee. One of them warned the delegates gravely of the danger which the party was in. "The elephant," he said, "is on the edge of the precipice. One more shove, and *she* will go in." "That," said Richard Hooker of the *Springfield Republican*, "shows how low the party has sunk. It is now resorting to sex appeal."

Humorous, indeed, were the nomination of Charles Curtis and his speech of acceptance. Infinitely more popular at the convention than Mr. Hoover—and this was by no means wholly due to the fact that so many Kansans sat in the galleries—he was his new chief's vigorous opponent until the die was cast. Four days before the nomination he issued a statement to the press attacking Mr. Hoover and declaring that "the convention cannot afford to nominate as the head of the ticket anyone for whom the party will be on the defensive from the day he is named until the close of the polls on election day. . . . Our party can win the coming election if the candidate is a man for whom no apologies will be required." When offered the Vice-Presidency he told those who bore the message to go to the devil; two hours later he accepted it. Then he got up and told the convention that he had come there to get the Presidency, believing that he would win it. But as he could not get it he was thankful for the Vice-Presidency and he was now sure that he and Mr. Hoover would be successful next fall. He did not specify why he had changed his mind or who is to do the apologizing for Mr. Hoover this summer. The truth is that what has gone on here has cut deep, and that the bitternesses and disappointments are not to be assuaged easily. No one who saw this convention meet and depart can pretend for an instant that the delegates are going back with their fighting clothes on. There was no cheering in the streets after the convention, no parading of joyous enthusiasts, no beaming delegates in the corridors of the hotels.

In brief, the delegates folded their tents and stole away like the Arabs of the desert; they came and made a desert and then left it. Their one hope was that the Democrats in Houston would make bigger fools of themselves than they had here. They knew that Senator Moses, the chairman, told a monstrous falsehood when he telegraphed Mr. Hoover that his nomination had been made unanimous amid great enthusiasm. It was not made unanimous, in the first place, because there were a great many delegates who voted "no" on the motion. In the second place, if he had not written his dispatch, as he confessed that he had, in advance of the happening, he could never have penned those words about the great enthusiasm. It was no greater than the applause given to Senator Curtis's charming daughter when she tactfully and gracefully seconded her father's nomination in a dozen words.

There were other elements of humor, but none better than that exhibited by an intoxicated gentleman who entered the lobby of the Hotel Muehlebach, which was the center of the convention gathering, slipped a dollar bill to a bell-boy and had him page Harry Sinclair among the high Republican worthies that filled the lobby. There was a prompt exodus of distinguished citizens. Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, daughter of the lamented Mark Hanna, exploded with indignation because her opponents, the Hooverites, operated a steamroller in the best manner of her distinguished father. This led to the easy retort from one of her opponents that her indignation was due to the fact that the Hoover side was Ruth-less. There were all sorts of dilapidated Ford cars parading the streets; one bore the ribald legend "Hoover for Dog-Catcher" and no Hooverite complained to the police.

As to the farmer revolt? Well, there is no doubt that the demonstration of the embattled farmers was an absolute fizzle. Only a few hundred came—it was almost the worst time of year for farmers to leave home, and their demands for Lowden were given an amusing turn when a delegation of Pullman porters joined the procession carrying banners demanding justice—Governor Lowden is the son-in-law of George M. Pullman himself. Yet, it is by no means safe to underrate the intensity of feeling that underlies the protest. I have met a number of unbiased observers here. They admit that there are spots like Kansas where there is not much trouble, but they unanimously assert that there are many great stretches of the country where the farmers are in despair, where the bitterness is intense. The price of wheat, if it goes up, and bumper crops before the election may bring the farmers back into the fold, as happened in 1924, but the farmers are eternally right in demanding that they shall not be submerged in the effort to industrialize the country at their expense. They justly protest that they are outside of the protective system. Unfortunately, they do not yet see that they should aim their guns at protection itself, for it is the greatest source of corruption in our public life.

Nowhere was there any sign of force and vigor and power in this gathering, or of unanimity. It is a party that is plainly dying at the top. One fairly yearned to see a Penrose, or a Henry Cabot Lodge, or a Quay reappear. If they were political pirates, they were business-like and professional. If they wanted a man to walk the plank they designated him quickly, and tipped him overboard to the sharks without loss of a moment. They used their snickersnees with skill and speed. They were good at their trade. These, their followers, are the worst of bunglers. It used to be the favorite boast of Elihu Root that the Republican Party alone was fit to rule. Not even he, had he been here this week, could have maintained that it had any of the attributes that a party ought to have which governs by divine right and masterful leadership. It has shown, however, that it is still brazen and unashamed; that it stands by its own, and does not disavow its rascals.

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Clown Show

By H. L. MENCKEN

Kansas City, June 16

DO people still struggle and intrigue for tickets to hangings and electrocutions? Do they yet pour out their gold to see and hear the Rev. Aimée Semple McPherson and Will Cook? If so, it is only because national conventions are held but once in four years, and then in but two cities of this glorious realm. If connoisseurs of the obscene and the inordinate only knew what they were missing there would be conventions going on all the time, and great cathedrals to house them would be springing up from coast to coast.

I defy anyone to find a show on earth as exhilarating as the historic bout between the Hon. Andy Mellon and the Hon. Bill Vare, fought out in an upstairs corridor of a Kansas City hotel last Tuesday night. It had all the makings of comedy in the grand manner, including a hero who fell beneath a pie as big as Lake Erie and a villain who got the money and won the girl. Old Andy went into action as one of the great ornaments of the American race; he came out like an alley cat with a singed tail. Bill went in as a pariah and almost a felon, and came out as a kingmaker. A few short months ago he was heaved from the United States Senate as unfit to associate with Fess and Watson, Heflin and Smoot. But on March 4, 1929, if he gets his deserts, he will be sworn in as Secretary of State.

The whole episode was racy and full of humors. The entire corps of correspondents, including your humble slave, crowded the corridor outside Andy's door. Anon Dave Reed emerged, or some other velvet-footed retainer of the great man, and a whisper thrilled through the dark. The clock crept on toward eight. At the stroke of the hour the fate of Lord Hoover was to be decided. No one jested, for Washington correspondents know greatness when they see it, even through three inches of mahogany door. Many scarce durst breathe. And then of a sudden, with no more warning than an earthquake or apoplexy gives, someone was on a chair and reading Dr. Vare's statement.

At one stroke Lord Hoover was nominated, the outcast garbage-hauler grabbed his niche in history, and the Mellon legend blew up with a bang. It took Dave Reed ten minutes to recover sufficiently to face the crowd of journalists. His mien was the painfully jaunty one of a gunman facing the Baumes law. He tried to smile, but achieved only a horrible wink. Old Andy, it appeared, had nothing whatever to say. His portentous and long-awaited announcement had gone into the waste-basket, and he was awaiting patiently, as a sincere believer in democracy, the free and unfettered action of the Pennsylvania delegation.

The convention itself took the cue from that grotesque but instructive scene. From end to end of it I can't recall seeing a chief actor who looked honest, even in the modest sense that a police sergeant looks honest, or hearing a sensible word. It was all unmitigated bilge, discharged in roaring streams from red, raw throats, and projected into the ether by the faithful radio. Old boozers moaning and slobbering for prohibition, slick corporation politicians sobbing for the downtrodden farmer, eager candidates for this or that first damning Hoover and then leaping to embrace him: I name only a few salient types. From the bombastic opening harangue by the illustrious Fess, Anti-Saloon League hired man and self-confessed liar, to the last feeble huzzahs for the Hon. Sacco-and-Vanzetti Fuller of Massachusetts, it was in the key of small-time vaudeville.

From all this, to be sure, I must except two performers: Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, who made a cogent and dignified appeal for honest dealing with the prohibition issue, and young Bob La Follette, who read the minority report on the platform, and argued for it eloquently and with good humor. But why should young Bob, if he is not a zany, make up as one? I protest bitterly, as one of his oldest customers, against his tonsorial aberrations. The hair-cut he affects should be prohibited by law, and his sideboards would be getting off easily if they were rooted out of his gills by the common hangman. Let him go to a sound barber before the next national convention and I'll give him a better notice.

All the rest were clowns inside and out. Every tattered phrase in the lexicon of political balderdash was in their speeches. They roared, fumed, and sweated, but all it came to in the end was sound and fury, signifying nothing. Was Borah eloquent? Then it was in the manner of a hack Republican politician, not in that of the frank and candid man he could be if he would. How far his horror of corruption fell short of actually embarrassing such hacks as Smoot, Watson, and Moses, and how magnificently silent he was about the kind of corruption propagated by the Anti-Saloon League, kept mistress of the Ohio gang!

The choice of the preposterous Curtis as the virtuous Lord Hoover's running mate rubbed in the fraud and fustian of the whole proceedings. Until Thursday night Curtis and his Wet-Dry yokels from Kansas were shaking the town with warnings that the nomination of Hoover would insult every self-respecting Republican, and bring down disaster in November. But bright and early Friday morning he and they were laboring frantically for second place on the ticket, and presently he will be on the stump for Herbert, hymning him as the farmers' one true friend.

Among various other ludicrous scenes and episodes, I recall with particular delight the heavy, steady lushing of some of the great heroes of the Anti-Saloon League. One of these heroes has gone home with the boozing championship of the convention: surely no light achievement. Most of his feats were performed in a quiet House of Mirth maintained by a Kansas City gentleman whose moral principles forbade him to let guests go Dry. To this House of Mirth the prairie Savonarola resorted every night, and there he exhibited such prodigies that the very bartender was all agog. He was the first to appear as the dark came down and the last to go when the lights were put out—and it was necessary to give him a bottle of Bourbon to get rid of him! How much he got down during the week I don't know, but God knows it was enough. Today he is on his way home, his thirst assuaged at last and the capillaries in his temples leaping like eels. Anon he'll be heard in awful, Christian tones, demanding law enforcement up to and including the neck.

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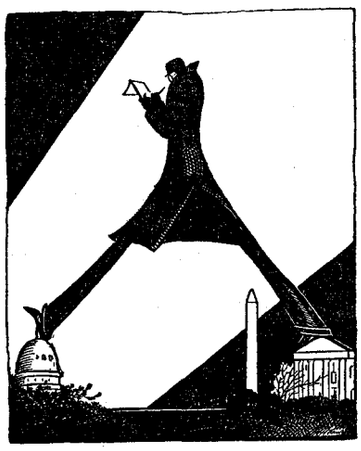
Covering Washington

The Nation's *Biweekly Washington Letter*

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN



Washington, D. C., June 16

WITH his modest retinue of eighty-eight secretaries, chauffeurs, cooks, butlers, valets, flunkeys, errand-boys, and servants, reenforced by a company of picked soldiery from Fort Snelling, the simple Green Mountain boy, who came into the Presidency by lamplight in the old Vermont farmhouse, is off to enjoy the solitude of the Wisconsin wilds. Already evidence of the fickle public's forgetfulness is deplorably abundant. No longer hordes of newspapermen eagerly pursuing him, deifying him, glossing over his blunders, and glorifying his achievements. Only the press associations and one or two newspapers will have correspondents with him this summer—a tattered remnant of the gallant host of journalists surrounding him last season in the Black Hills. Cal, as a news source, is already as dead as a smelt.

* * * * *

PERHAPS this is not an inappropriate time to glance backward over Calvin's Administration and examine the accomplishments which are to engrave his name upon the rolls of immortality. Nothing, of course, has ever been as near and dear to the President's heart as his economy program. If he has any claim to fame, it must rest upon that. The press has diligently labored to have its readers believe he is the man who invented economy. Not even Ben Franklin was ever so successful in sanctifying thrift. The nearest the President ever came to displaying enthusiasm was when vetoing a bill allowing extra wages to underpaid postal workers for nightwork or a measure for compensation of disabled army officers in order that he might thus be able to shave a little more off the tax burden of our impoverished rich.

* * * * *

AND yet even his adored economy, which he loved and fondled and called his very own, must be carried out and dumped into the trash basket. Figures just published in the post-mortem editions of the *Congressional Record* (still issuing from the press and read by less than .0005 per cent of the American people) reveal that, despite Cal's widely ballyhooed savings on pencils, pens, and drinking cups at the executive offices, there has been a steady increase in expenditures each year since he assumed the Presidency. In the December, 1923, session—immediately following the accession of Mr. Coolidge to the Presidency—the appropriations totaled $3,863,645,208.12; $764,399,826.97 more was appropriated at the session just ended, and that, too, in spite of the fact that the annual interest on the public debt is $270,000,000 less than in 1923.

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CALVIN'S defenders say that the increase has been due to unexpected emergencies, like the Mississippi flood disaster. But although an authorization of $325,000,000 was made for flood control, the appropriations only carry $15,000,000 for that purpose this year. Neither is it due to the merchant-marine bill, for, although there was an authorization of $250,000,000 in that measure, no appropriation was made to carry it into effect this year. Nor can it be attributed to the extensive building program projected, for the session's appropriations carried only $36,000,000 for that purpose. Nor can it be blamed on disabled soldiers; the appropriations for the Veterans' Bureau are $7,000,000 less than last year. Congress slashed Cal's budget bureau's estimates more than $9,000,000 during the last session, and, according to Representative Byrns of Tennessee, a conservative Democratic member of the Appropriations Committee, Congress has reduced the President's estimates more than $367,000,000 since the budget system was established.

* * * * *

THE real explanation is not so hard to find. Each year, under Coolidge, while we have been palavering about world peace, our outlay for war-making purposes has been climbing. During the past session of Congress the increase in the appropriations for the army and navy amounted to $84,000,000 over those of the previous year. The completed official figures are now available. The army got $398,000,000; the navy $362,000,000. The total—$760,000,000—probably represents the most enormous military budget ever provided by any nation in normal peace times. And yet it fell far short of the Administration's demands! To the credit of Congress must be added its refusal to sanction the navy's program for $4,000,000,000 additional construction.

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WITH the economy myth punctured, it seems wholly unnecessary to go into the rest of Cal's record: the World Court fiasco; the resignations of Daugherty and Denby forced by Congress; the failure of the Mellon plan with its outrageous proposals to relieve wealth and wipe out the inheritance tax; the rejection of Charles Beecher Warren as Attorney General; the veto of the soldiers' bonus, afterward overridden; the repeated refusals of the Senate to confirm some of his most important nominations; his amazing silence in the face of corruption; his stubborn ignorance of the agricultural problem; the Senate's record-breaking action in passing three bills over his veto in one day; his deliberate destruction of the independence of quasi-judicial government commissions by packing them with servile Republicans and pliant Democrats; his pusillanimous pocket veto of the Norris Muscle Shoals bill; his nullification of the anti-trust laws; and—the glorious, still unfinished chapter on Nicaragua. Goodby, Cal, take keer yourself.

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Utopia—Made to Suit

By CHARLES J. FINGER

UNINVITED I come, like Clootz who represented the unrepresented, to say that the world I would like to live in is the world that I do live in. But it is a world within a world, a system within a system, and my chiefest regret is that I may not live in it as long as I choose.

I like it, you see, because I made it to suit, just like the man who, discovering his bed to be ill made, gets up and remakes it; or like the coral worm, which, in shaping its cell, gets rid of awkward corners that threaten friction, and keeps within comfortable hailing distance of its neighbors while seeing to it that the stone-wall of separation prevents too frequent invasion.

I wish the contributors to *The Nation's* Utopia series might see this world of mine as I saw it last evening an hour before sunset, just when the slanting sunlight touched the meadow where the sheep grazed, and lit the roses and irises and peonies to a new beauty; just at the moment when a small breeze made the house flag float lazily. I mention the house flag because of its design, which is properly symbolic—a white arrowhead on a field of blue—a design I used years ago as my Argentine horse-brand. A-flutter, it may be said to indicate an independent way of life which neither oversteps the bounds nor invades the privacy of others. Were the arrowhead a thing of iron, solid and fixed, it might signify immurement among conventions and received opinions. But fluttering it means a sort of easy adaptability, a kind of buoyancy and freedom of expression. It means effort ceaselessly renewed. It means a mood vigorous and adventurous.

But to go on with my special world. I say nothing of its natural beauty of hill and vale and bloom, nor of the health-giving spirit of it, nor of its blue skies and bad whiskey; nor of its environs in which a streak of fanaticism exists that occasionally runs into political and religious bigotry. None of those bear on the case in hand. What does bear is this—on that particular Sunday evening there were four playing tennis; I was walking up and down playing the bagpipes by the fountain; three others were at golf on a course that is not a subject for panegyric, but sufficient. Two were boxing, lads of many inches, stripped to the waist, preferring energetic ineptitude to sitting in a moving-picture theater to look at a bad representation of the latest pugilistic event as revealed by Hearst-Pathé. And as the dinner-bell rang three girls came riding in on horseback, dropped to the ground lightly as feathers, nor troubled to powder their noses.

Well, you say, what of it? How can that be a world—which, on the face of it, is nothing more than a week-end country party?

If you could see into the past, going back eight years or so, you might get a perspective which would make things clearer. You would have seen me engaged in affairs that kept me away from a growing family; have known me as one who worried considerably about the millions belonging to other men of which I had charge. You would also have seen me anxious because five youngsters were being carried away by the glitter and blatancy of a city. They were in process of being plastered by well-meaning but mistaken people with notions about hundred-percentism. They were losing that individuality which is in almost every young person until teacher and preacher and relative commence to trim and clip. They were growing up full of disarrayed ideas. They were incapable of walking ten miles, or of chopping down a tree, or of shooting straight at a mark with a revolver, or of locating the trouble in a car's machinery, or of passing three days without yearning for a moving picture. They could not hear the words "Red," "I. W. W.," "Socialist" without a shudder.

Then came my luminous idea. Why not try the experiment of making a new world? Why not find an unspoiled corner, seize it, take to it the best that civilization offers, and so make a spoon or spoil a horn?

So I abandoned my affairs, as the French say, and started anew. Of the material and superficial aspect of the experiment, nothing need be said. There were no end of trivial and menial things to do, but all went well enough. The main thing, the big mission, was the establishment of an environment in which each member of the family should have an opportunity to develop individually. There had to be a little world in which the younger children could find outlet for their inexhaustible energy. And young and old had to have separate apartments, and separate exits and entrances, and separate libraries, and separate activities—all these while the family as a social and educational center remained firm. That involved building problems, and furnishing problems, too, because there were individual tastes and preferences.

But it had to be a world in which love for the dramatic and theatrical would result in doing rather than in merely seeing and hearing, even though that meant crude presentations on home-made stages in the open air, or puppet shows. It had to be a world in which new friendships were established on a birds-of-a-feather basis. It had to be a world in which there could be no suppression of opinion and in which thinking aloud was possible, even though it might mean high controversy at table. It had to be a world in which existed no fear of that specter—criticism by other people of ways and customs. It had to be a world without affiliations of lodge, church, fraternity, sorority—except such affiliations as appealed to the individual after consideration. (None have actually been formed.)

Also in that new-made world independent verification had to take precedence of authority, and theories of philosophy and religion had to be accepted or rejected according to individual experience; the familiar phrases of pinchbeck orators had to be discounted, and rhetorical dealers in catchwords had to be recognized for the hollow frauds they were. It had to be a world in which there was place for jazz as well as for other music, and where the value of both was known; in which were no prohibitions and censors in literature, but where the difference was well recognized between honest cakes and ale on the one hand and slush-mush on the other. Nor could the newest be taken for the best

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because of its newness, while the old was scorned because of its antiquity. And in this new world minds could not pretend to be unconscious of the fact that mankind was possessed of clamorous passions, and the fact had to be recognized that prudishness and hypocrisy were very nearly synonymous. Very important, too, it seemed that in the world of reading, those editorials in which conclusions were reached by a process of serious reasoning should be distinguished from mere word-spinnings.

As for those of mature years, they also had lessons to learn and adjustments to make. They had to know that marriage was not to be regarded as a state of ideal bliss, but rather as a hard-and-fast business arrangement and partnership for the furtherance of the welfare of the young. They had to know that there could be no thwarting of the young where happiness was concerned; and that hopes fade naturally as flowers; and that an understanding of points of view was necessary; and that often the same principles were called by different names; and that differences of opinion could not wisely be met by surliness; and that people who found enjoyment in trying to influence the lives of others were by no means saints. And both young and old had to understand that friendship could never mean eternal intimacy; and that true sociability necessarily includes a measure of seclusion and privacy; and that discipline of self is ten thousand times better than discipline by set rules and regulations.

So there, lightly sketched, you have something of that compact little realm I choose to live in, and in which we all choose to live, and in which others have chosen to live as guests and friends. To be sure it is, after all, little more than a quiet backwater in a turbulent current. We all realize that and realize probable difficulties. For there is the State, and there is the nation, and there are other nations. And there are rulers and masters of men, both often the tools of those whose "foreign interests" sometimes lead to spoliation and buccaneer work. When such disturbances are afoot there is likely to be invasion of cherished privacy, that which has been gathered with toil and kept with care is apt to be swept away, and people are whirled into troublesome affairs in which they have no part. But there seems to be no way to avoid that kind of thing, any more than there is a way to turn aside the storms that sometimes sweep through the country tearing off roofs and uprooting trees. All that we can do is to build stronger.

Yet perhaps some day, when the many shall have made worlds for themselves stout enough to resist invasion, a new and sturdy individualism may arise, a thoroughgoing individualism of a kind to make every man a warrior in defense of his birthright. But that time is far away. Meanwhile, it seems well for me to enjoy my little kingdom, selfishly perhaps; and perhaps the enjoyment is heightened because of a growing independence and courage in those who share it with me.

[*This is the fourth of a series of articles in which various persons describe the world they would like to live in.*]

The Season in Moscow

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

III. Eisenstein and Lunacharsky

Moscow, May 24

EISENSTEIN (the maker of "Potemkin") received me in his very modest lodgings littered with books and scraps of film. A large, heavy man, with a head of flying hair like that affected some years ago by the youth of Italy, his bearing and his conversation alike suggest very strongly the Italian futurists with whom, as a matter of fact, he was formerly allied; and they serve to prepare one for the fact that his communistic ideology is superimposed upon the futurism which was at its full tide in Russia when the Revolution broke. Lunacharsky, on the other hand, ensconced at his desk in the Commissariat of Education, might be any cultivated gentleman. Speaking excellent French, and carefully avoiding the paradoxes in which Eisenstein revels, he seems, indeed, the "good European" more than anything else. Both are friendly and accessible men, but it is evident that they do not think very highly of each other and they will stand conveniently as representative of two opposite tendencies in contemporary Russian art.

Eisenstein begins, like most people brought up in the futurist school, by sweeping nearly everything that is into the junk-heap with one wave of the hand. The theater, of course, is dead and done for. Art should strike with the direct impact of a physical blow, and only the cinema can do that. The only good play in Moscow is "The Humming of the Rails," and it is good only because it is killing the theater. As a matter of fact, its perfectly literal naturalism is not theater at all—it is merely inferior cinema. The people of the future will want only actualities and the movie is much more actual than the stage.

The legitimate function of art is a purely practical one; its purpose is solely to produce convictions and to lead to actions. During the Revolution, for example, its duty was to provoke revolutionary acts. People went from the theater or the cinema to the barricades. Now that the Revolution is accomplished it has of course other work to do; religion, for example, has not been completely destroyed and for that reason the thing which he likes best in his new film "October" (shown in Germany and probably to be shown in America under the title "Ten Days That Shook the World") is the attack upon religion. Since the purpose of art is purely practical there is no such thing as a "permanent aesthetic value" and every work must be judged according to its usefulness at a given time in a given place. He himself is no longer interested in "Potemkin" which is more or less passé and not as purely cinematographical in its methods as he would like it to be. One can get an idea of what he wants to do from certain scenes in "October" where dynamic ideas are translated into pictures. The scene, for instance, in which the overweening Kerensky is shown, all alone, mounting up and up the successive flights of stairs in the imperial palace which lead to the throne-room, or that in which the downfall of religion is suggested by a series of flashes beginning with a picture of the fully developed God

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on an icon and descending through a whole series of representations to the grotesque idol of a savage.

Warming to his theme, Eisenstein develops it to its simple logical conclusion. In the perfect state there will be no art. Bourgeois art is a vicarious fulfilment of unsatisfied desires; Communist art an instrument for social adjustment. But in the perfect state there will be no unsatisfied desires and no more social adjustments to be made. Art, therefore, will disappear. I remind him that in "Reason and Art" Santayana suggests that this is exactly what Plato meant when he said that poets would be expelled from the perfect republic; but Eisenstein, as one might guess, is not much interested in either Plato or Santayana. *The Nation's* Russian correspondent, Louis Fischer, who is acting as my interpreter, puts in a word: "The theater is already dead. Then I suppose you consider it your function to kill the cinema." Eisenstein smiles. The idea pleases him.

Though he is a brilliant director and the representative of one school of aesthetic opinion in Russia I doubt if that school is actually as important as it sometimes seems from the outside. To my mind his films are more impressive than his theories, and to assume that either he or a man like Meyerhold is truly representative of even the more extreme wing of the Russian masses is to forget the element of futuristic dilettantism which plays so large a part in determining the attitude of both of them. They were accustomed for so long to "épater le bourgeois" that it is hard for them to remember that it is now even less important than ever to do so, and it is to be feared that nowadays they sometimes merely "épater le prolétariat" instead. "Constructivism" (apparently less popular now than formerly) was the futuristic response to that enthusiasm for the machine of which I have previously spoken, and Eisenstein's theories are the futuristic response to that general tendency to socialize the arts which is, of course, fundamental in Communistic society. But neither the one nor the other is so deep, so genuine, or so significant as are the tendencies which they parody, and to my mind at least one gets much nearer to the real meaning of the whole Russian phenomenon in such relatively naive plays as "The Humming of the Rails" than one does in these sophisticated attempts to translate the impulses there expressed into somewhat dilettantish terms.

If, however, Eisenstein may (with the reservations just suggested) be taken as a representative of the extreme aesthetic Left, Lunacharsky will speak for those who are, on the contrary, anxious that Communist art should be a continuation of or logical development from the art of the past. As Commissar of Education he has all the state theaters under his control, and it is probably due more to him than to anyone else that the opera and ballet have survived. He has watched without enthusiasm the increasing tendency of the theater to devote itself to contemporary social problems to the exclusion of everything else, and he would certainly not look forward with pleasure to Eisenstein's perfect and therefore artless state. "I shall," he said, "be ready very soon to issue a protest against the growing neglect of the classics in the state theaters and against their tendency to produce no new plays except those which concern themselves with more or less minor details of social adjustment. What used to be called the 'eternal problems' were properly so called, and they are as important to the members of a Communist society as to those of any other. Sooner or later Russian art must return to a consideration of them.

"Of course," he continued, "I do not mean that I desire any return to 'art for art's sake.' From the standpoint of a Communist, art must have its social function, but that function is a broad one. It includes the widening of the intellectual horizon as well as the discussion of sociological problems, and it is particularly important in an industrial state. The life of the workman is inevitably narrow if his experience is confined to the factory alone. He more than anyone else has need of those aesthetic experiences which will expand his range of comprehensions and appreciations. It is for this reason that I am even more interested in the music drama than in the ordinary play. Unfortunately we have not at present any new composers equal to the task, but I look forward most eagerly to the time when some Russian shall arise who will express the hope of the Russian people in a form not dissimilar, perhaps, to that in which Wagner embodied his Schopenhauerian pessimism."

It is obvious that there can be no peace between the representatives of attitudes so opposed. To Eisenstein, Lunacharsky is only a half-assimilated bourgeois; and to Lunacharsky, Eisenstein is only a new barbarian. From the standpoint of fanatical logic there is, of course, no doubt that Eisenstein would have the better of the argument. His theory is based upon one of the fundamental Communist postulates—that in a communistic state the ordinary processes of life will be all-sufficient in themselves—while Lunacharsky's assumption that the life of a factory worker is "narrow" does constitute a sort of heresy. I am told that once when he was explaining his theories at a public meeting some one rose to charge him with defending a kind of art which was, in effect, only another "opium of the people." That charge embodies the substance of a complaint often made against him. A cultivated man with a strong love of the past, he wept when he heard the false report that the Kremlin had been fired upon by the Bolsheviki, and he is less anxious to destroy what the old society created than he is to put the new masses into possession of whatever may be salvaged from it.

It is not, of course, worth while for an outsider to venture any opinion concerning the probable outcome of a conflict as fundamental as this one is, though it goes without saying that the ideas of Lunacharsky are far more easily comprehensible to such an outsider and must seem to him more reasonable, even if less simply logical, than those of his opponents. But like all that concerns contemporary Russian art, the question has connotations not purely artistic, and the conflict is only part of a much larger conflict upon the issue of which the future of the whole communistic experiment will depend. If communism is essentially only a new form of political and economic organization—if, that is to say, it is merely a logical continuation of the evolution from absolute monarchy through constitutional government and democracy—then its task is to rule a humanity not in itself radically different from the humanity we know, and Lunacharsky is right. But if, on the other hand, the coming of communism is, as to its more fanatical proponents it seems, a phenomenon of an entirely different sort—a reconstruction not merely of the social order but of human nature itself—then of course we as yet unreconstructed souls can know nothing of its future and can only conclude that whatever seems to us most incomprehensible is that which the future will probably choose.

[*This is the last of three articles on the Russian theater. Mr. Krutch's next letters will discuss the theater in Budapest and Vienna.*]

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E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS A

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The Next War, by Sanford Jar (August)

The Soldier's Return, by Ger V. Morris (August)

A FEW OUTSTANDING ARTICLES

Nan Britton and Harding

A frank, candid discussion of the Nan Britton, President Harding affair is contained in the May, June and July issues of the *Haldeman-Julius Monthly.* In the May issue two well-known critics, Isaac Goldberg and E. W. Howe, give their opinions of the affair based upon Nan Britton's claims that her child was the illegitimate daughter of President Harding, as set forth in her book, "The President's Daughter." In the June issue an article by Fred Bair, special correspondent for the Haldeman-Julius Publications, tells of an exclusive, authorized interview with Nan Britton and her daughter, Elizabeth Ann, the child of President Harding. In the July *Haldeman-Julius Monthly* is the article "How and Why I Wrote 'The President's Daughter,'" by Nan Britton, herself.

Sacco and Vanzetti

W. P. Norwin, a Harvard man, has written a complete, thorough-going survey of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. The story is appearing exclusively in the *Haldeman-Julius Monthly* in six fact-giving installments starting in the May issue. Mr. Norwin has made an exha search for the facts and he has set down in his survey the resu his six months' work in the study of the case. The six installmen as follows: I. The Crime (May, 1928); II. The Trial (June, 1 III. The New Evidence: The Judge and the Times (July, 1 IV. Public Criticism (August, 1928); V. The Lowell Committe Its Report (September, 1928); VI. The Execution and Perse (October, 1928).

Upton Sinclair vs. Jim Tully

An article by Upton Sinclair, "Jim Tully, a Study in Ingratit will appear in the August issue of the *Haldeman-Julius Monthly.* great socialist in his strong, positive style answers Jim Tully's ments, quoted by Sara Haardt in her interview with him which recently printed in *The American Mercury,* with indisputable including letters to him from Jim Tully. Tully claimed in the view that Sinclair refused to aid him while he was a young w struggling for recognition. Upton Sinclair shows that he did go o his way to help Tully.

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I Went to the Devil, by Clay Fulks May)
›i Not So Wise, by E. Haldemanlius (June)
ution of an Agnostic, by John Mason uly)

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The Magic in Those Ultra-Violet Rays! by T. Swann Harding (July)

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I Debate with John Roach Straton, by Maynard Shipley (June)

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A FEW copies of the May issue, containing the first installment of "The Notorious Sacco-Vanzetti Case," by W. P. Norwin, and the two discussions of "The Nan Britton, President Harding Affair," by Isaac Goldberg and E. W. Howe, remain in stock. We will supply the May number as long as it lasts to new subscribers using the blank below. If the limited supply is exhausted we will start subscriptions with the June issue.

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In the Driftway

EVIDENTLY the demands of the correspondent in San Antonio for a hobby, which the Drifter blared forth to the public in the issue of June 13, were too exacting, for instead of a flood of suggestions only a few have been offered.

* * * * *

ONE of the Drifter's readers suggests what he calls "the sport of push pins." The Drifter isn't sure that he can correctly read his correspondent's handwriting and he is certain he can't understand the directions. There is something in them about putting two pins on a smooth table and flicking them so as to make one roll over the other. The Drifter experimented for ten minutes, during which he lost three pins in the waste-basket, two behind the desk, one in a pile of important papers which he hasn't disturbed in four years, and another down the back of his neck. Then he could find no more pins and gave up trying to learn the game. He doubts if it would suit a man living among the cattle ranges and oil derricks of the State of Texas.

* * * * *

NOR is the Drifter sure that there is more meat in the advice by a friend in Massachusetts:

> Why doesn't your San Antonio correspondent, who wants a hobby that will absorb his interest two afternoons a week without strenuous exercise, try a reform? Nobody ought to lack for hobbies while so many things need correction. He might try spelling reform. It goes uncontradicted that the present spelling robs the average child of the effect of two years of school. Of course, the quantitative estimate varies, but I never heard of anybody's estimating less than one or more than three, and two is most usual. Obviously here is a reform worth two afternoons a week; and a reader of *The Nation* ought to be able to mention others.
>
> Ordinary horticulture is so obvious that we must presume he has thought of it and rejected it. But he might be interested in some horticultural specialty such as originating new kinds of fruit. Or bee-keeping, with not too many bees.
>
> Or try scientific investigation. Even if he starts at zero in knowledge of the science he takes up, by picking out some one point that he thinks is not sufficiently cleared up, and devoting himself to that one point and the matters that distinctly bear on it, he can soon work up to be a leading authority on his limited specialty, and it is very interesting.
>
> You yourself suggest a handicraft. Obviously there are other handicrafts than the one you name.

* * * * *

IT may be that reform is a hobby but, in the Drifter's opinion, it is far from a recreation. And if our present spelling robs the average child of two years of school the only grudge which the average child (including the Drifter) will have against it on that account is that the larceny isn't of greater proportions. As for scientific investigation, that seems to run either to sterile theory or to the invention of unnecessary articles that cost us money. Bee-keeping, "with not too many bees," is the one suggestion that might entice the Drifter. Better, perhaps, would be bee-keeping without any bees—merely a good supply of hives and honey.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

How to Write History

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Now that we have cleared ourselves of the charge that Nicaragua is under marine rule by pointing out that in a large part of the country there are no marines, might we not also refute the equally absurd charge that we are killing Nicaraguans, by figures showing the larger proportion to be still alive?

San Francisco, May 5 R. L. HARTFORD

Bill Haywood

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You say, quite truly, of William D. Haywood: "He was never at home in parliamentary politics." In 1904 I was officially associated with him in the Socialist Party. Haywood, Channing Sweet (father of William E. Sweet, ex-Governor), and I constituted the "local quorum" of the Denver branch of the Socialist Party of Colorado; but it was extremely difficult to get Mr. Haywood to attend the meetings. Mr. Sweet and I usually had to drag him in or conduct the business without him. Once, after I had gone to the office of the Western Federation of Miners to get him, I told Mr. Sweet: "Haywood isn't a Socialist; he is a labor man—first, last, and all the time."

In his utter lack of personal ambition and his absolute devotion to the working class Haywood and Debs were alike. I never heard him say in words, as Debs said: "When I rise it will be *with* the ranks and not *from* the ranks," but so far as I knew him every act of his life spoke that sentiment. And if Haywood had believed he could better serve the workers by going to prison than by fleeing to Moscow from an unjust sentence I think he would have gone to prison.

But, much as he and Debs were alike in their devotion to the working class, they differed profoundly in one respect: Debs had faith in spiritual force, while Haywood believed only in material means for accomplishing the emancipation of the workers of the world. Debs declared that "he never was in prison, because they could not imprison his spirit." Haywood, behind the bars, would have felt himself a prisoner—helpless to do anything for those to whom all his life he had devoted his splendid, tremendous energy. Constituted as he was, believing as he did, he could never have done the beneficent work carried on by Prisoner Debs. Nor could he have *languished* in prison; he would have raged, perhaps with results that would have hurt the cause he loved with all his great heart. And so it may be that, all things taken into account, he was wiser than some of us who, at the time, deeply regretted the course he chose. Perhaps he understood his capacities and limitations better than we. Peace to his stormy, troubled soul.

Denver, Colorado, May 7 CELIA BALDWIN

San Francisco Too

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A circle of *The Nation* readers is being organized in San Francisco for the purpose of furthering greater interest in *The Nation* as well as of promoting intelligent discussion of present-day problems. May I therefore invite San Francisco readers of *The Nation* to communicate with Michael M. Zarchin, 2010 Laguna Street?

San Francisco, May 29 MICHAEL M. ZARCHIN,
Temporary Chairman

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Errata

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In my article The Tailors and the Scientific Method, in *The Nation* for June 13, I said that "During the last two years [Sidney Hillman] told the convention [of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers] the union has in three instances given financial assistance to manufacturers exposed to the danger of liquidation. These three firms employed more than one thousand workers." These three firms employed more nearly four thousand workers. I gave the resources of the Amalgamated Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago as close to $9,000,000. Its resources are about $3,500,000. I mentioned an election quarrel in the "Buffalo Joint Board." It should have read the "Rochester Joint Board."

New York, June 13 Benjamin Stolberg

Jumping at Truth

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To keep the record straight may I make a bit clearer the attitude of Indians re the Simon Commission, the advent of which has stirred all India into active and purposeful hostility?

Not since that ill-advised visit of the Prince of Wales, in the period immediately succeeding the Great War, have Indians shown such strong displeasure against manifest injustice. By public meetings, processions, and amazingly successful "hartals" the "Simon Show" has been boycotted everywhere and at all times—only the to-be-expected sycophants, self-interested folk, and strands of the fringe of officialdom having presented themselves now and again, to welcome the visitors who were universally greeted by posters reading "Simon, Go Back," "We Don't Want You," or, more politely, "India Does Not Invite You."

As to the "boycott" vote when one counts out the fifty official and nominated members whose bounden duty it is, generally speaking, to support the Government, the motion had a clear majority of 55 votes, with only 12 Indian elected members, against.

Mr. Garratt told nothing but the truth; but he was a number of jumps away from the whole truth in his *Nation* article.

New York, April 23 Blanche Watson

The D. A. W. to the S. D. B.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As its secretary, I should like to introduce the Descendants of American Witches to readers of *The Nation*. Far more exclusive than the Daughters of the American Revolution, this organization is composed primarily of direct descendants of the four or five hundred persons who in Colonial days were executed, condemned, tried, or merely arrested as witches.

True to modern psychological explanations of behavior or personality this society has adopted as its motto: "Let us brush the cobwebs out of the sky." To the spider his cobweb is business equipment, the capital investment by means of which he secures a livelihood. To us cobwebs are simply rubbish that fills up dark and dusty corners of the human mind. When fresh they often appear beautiful. But when old and stale they are full of dust and their victims' remains. The society, therefore, is rendered still more exclusive by the fact that not all descendants of witches but only those who can recognize a cobweb when they see one, even if it is fresh and glittering, are eligible for membership.

Each member is allowed to choose the particular cobwebs he wishes to brush. The only restriction is that, in the judgment of the other members, they must be genuine cobwebs and not electric fixtures, telephone wires, or other useful threads of modern progress. One of the first cobwebs chosen was the Daughters of the American Revolution. Practically all the so-called patriotic societies are now being brushed. But we try to keep our eyes open for other cobwebs, and each new member calls attention to some new variety. One member, for example, is brushing at the cobweb of preparedness, another at the cobweb of race prejudice, another at the cobweb of child exploitation, and another at the cobweb of class privilege.

The D. A. W. expects to hold its Third Annual Boiling on next Hallow-e'en. As the elder organization it wishes to extend to the Sons and Daughters of the Blacklist a cordial welcome and an invitation to assist in the great work of making the world safe for witches. Being already tagged as true cobweb-brushers by the Daughters of the American Revolution those whose names appear on the famous blacklist are, obviously, worthy inheritors of witches' brooms.

The Caldron, June 10 Descendant No. 4534 of Witch Susanna Martin, hanged at Salem, July 19, 1692

Machine-Age Art

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The old arts are decorative. Ever since the first savage painted the mastodon on the walls of his cave, and up to the time when the feudal lord hired a man to decorate his banqueting hall and cathedral, the aim of the artist was to decorate.

Machine-age art is utilitarian and not decorative, as Mr. Arens states in *The Nation* for June 6. Having no decorative traditions to follow (in view of the youth of these arts), the artist begins by investigating the objectives of his art and finds that they are to serve human needs. He analyzes the various uses they have to be put to, their relation to and effect on the life about them. He studies mathematics and science and, utilizing them, makes his art correct and adaptable to machine production—for use by the masses.

The works of the old arts are made and kept for the understanding and adoration of the select few. Machine-age art is for the many—to be used by the many—witness the skyscrapers, the laced transmission towers, the mogul locomotive, the massive dam; also the electric bulb and the bathtub. They are all correct, neat, and proportional, because based on science and mathematics; beautiful, because pleasing to the eye and beneficial to the body. The engineer is the new artist; so is the carpenter.

The principles by which this art is guided and by which it may be analyzed are (1) utility, (2) economy, (3) safety and effect on life. The first two govern line and form (whatever they are) as well as the material out of which the work is to be fashioned. The third principle is the most important, as it controls the design so as to make it safe and beneficial.

If I were asked to analyze the Macy exposition, I should try to suggest ways of increasing the usefulness of some articles, and would question the possibility of enjoyment of others by the masses (owing to cost). In accord with the last-mentioned principle of design, I would admit, on the one hand, the beneficial and pleasing effects of indirect lighting schemes, and would condemn, on the other, the lowering of furniture as unsuited to the structure of man's body; I would admire the harmonious combination and blending of colors in some rooms, while objecting to the use of dark tile in a bathroom, as having a negative effect on the human body.

Such criticism would be unorthodox from the old-art critic's point of view, but it would be sensible from the modern viewpoint. To criticize machine-age art one should not be an art critic but an engineer.

Brooklyn, June 7 L. Tarnopoll

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Books and Plays

Granite

By WILBERT SNOW

Lie on these rocks—perhaps to your surprise
Will spread the glowing comfort of their arms;
Lean on these rocks that lavishly devise
A resting-place where odors from the barms
Of ocean, floating in on either side,
Quicken your vision up and down the bay
Of medricks crying, ledges where the tide
Curves round the harbor in a long white spray.

Gaze on these rocks, and know how they are worn
Smooth by the iteration of the sea,
Like the smooth cheeks of aged toilers born
Along this coast whose buffetings may be
The secret of the granite hardihood
That makes them look on life and call it good.

Labor in American Civilization

American Labor Dynamics. Edited by J. B. S. Hardman. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.

IT is both profitable and interesting to look into the nature of our post-war literature on labor and industry. The radical literature on the subject is either tractarian or Quixotic or both; compared to the prevailing scholarship of the radical economic literature in Europe it is infantile. Then we have with us the small but perennial quota of textbook hacks on "The Labor Problem," of the usual obtuse innocence and cautious ignorance. Of late years we have also developed a growing number of pseudo-sophisticated men of Big Business and affairs, who gratify their intellectual aspirations by hiring "ghosts" with the latest economic jargon to record their discoveries on men and management, profit-sharing, instincts in industry, and other such affectedly realistic themes. Closely allied to them we find the "open-minded" social-work journalists and a small army of industrial experts, "social engineers," personnel administrators, and other such fancy publicity men of peace in industry.

But the vast bulk of our responsible literature on the labor movement, significant as an index of our times, is done by the "newer" and usually younger economists, formally well trained and products of the liberal dissent in the higher learning. Some stay in the better universities. A few of them "break into" the labor movement as humble hired "experts," exercising a supposedly enlightening influence on the labor oligarchy. Fairly quickly, however, they join the majority of their kind and break out on the research staffs of government bureaus, of dizzily endowed foundations, research councils, conference boards, industrial study associations, modernist church secretariats, and "scientific" reform agencies of one kind or another.

It is this Research Magnificent which gives the tone to our economic literature, most of which, directly or indirectly, deals with the labor movement. In this research we lead the world, including Germany. Some of it, almost entirely statistical, such as the work of the National Bureau of Economic Research, is excellent and essential. Most of it is obligatory filing material. But it all has one central characteristic. It exudes, by implication, an atmosphere of complacent impartiality. It leans backward in hypersensitive "objectivity." It is highly specific, detailed statistical, factual, carefully delimited, and refrains from drawing any conclusions beyond its zoned and artificial realism. It hides behind the aegis of the "scientific method," aping the objective zeal and interpretative humility of the bona fide scientist. And, conversely, its earmark is its anti-ideological hatred. Its greatest pride lies in its philosophical sterility. We are literally the only modern industrial country which has failed to produce a single interpretative study of the national labor movement as a whole, of its place in the national life. And yet the place of American labor in contemporary American civilization is very clear. In its present form it is dying.

All this objectivity and pseudo-realism in our social research in general, and in the labor problem in particular, is largely idolatry. Like all idolatry its premises are meretricious and its motives are based on fear. Of course, social "facts" are indispensable for social diagnosis. But, equally certainly, social facts are not given in scientific categories but are the phenomena of social struggle. Social facts are of social making. They are born of social politics. They have meaning only as social values. Social research, unintegrated by relevant interpretation, is, by definition, nonsense. Hence, paradoxically, the bulk of our economic research, far from being genuinely objective, is at bottom an apology for the controlling plutocracy which endows it. The more controversial a social issue, the more nervously it touches the ganglion of vested rights, the larger the "fact-finding" army, the fatter the appropriations of the research trusts to confound with ever more "data" the basic problems of social justice.

Few students of American labor have watched this philistinism in our labor literature with a more contemptuous and more brilliant skepticism than the editor of the volume under review. He feels that we have enough, more than enough, "material" to show what's wrong with American labor since the World War. He appreciates that what requires a great deal of social research is not the proof of the social *dementia praecox* of our dominant labor movement, which is obvious, but the interplay of social forces which corrupted and enfeebled it. Accordingly, he invited "thirty-two university men, teachers of economics, politics, and labor problems, practical labor leaders, and labor publicists and educators" to diagnose its sickness. This invitation was his fatal error. In issuing it he fell for the latest hokum of the professional open mind, for the theory that true understanding comes with "group discussion," that it is a by-product of the "technique of cooperative thinking." The result was inevitable. Instead of a critique of American labor we have another symposium on the subject. This "is not one more reference book," Mr. Hardman protests. Sorry, that's all it is! All one can do in a review of it is to separate the good stuff from the fair and to throw away the rest.

To my mind, the best article in this collection is Lewis Corey's study of the New Capitalism, in which he analyzes the relatively growing class distribution of our national wealth and exposes the "myth" of the "revolution" in national income. Mr. Corey's article is a model of statistical inquiry. Another excellent contribution is Mr. Hardman's own study of the way one of our most progressive and modern trade unions functions. Mr. Hardman does not name the union, he hypostatizes its policies and actions, refers to its leadership as XYZ, and walks through the whole story with false whiskers which fool nobody, for his references to the Amalgamated Clothing Workers are so obvious that I break no confidence in naming the disguised organization. But aside from this somewhat irritating secret diplomacy, it is by far the best analysis we have of this interesting "labor union somewhere in the United States." Dr. Leo Wolman's statement of the general economic conditions since the war and their relation to the gradual collapse of the labor movement is written with skill and economy. Being the

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sort of person who refuses to lose a night's sleep over anything he winds up with the totally irrelevant observation that "somewhere in the distance the sensitive eye can discern a ray of sunshine." Abraham Epstein, A. J. Muste, and Stuart Chase write with their usual competence on social legislation, factional fights in trade unions, and violence in labor conflicts. The section on the plight of cotton-mill labor is well done by Drs. George S. and Broadus Mitchell. The sections on coal, the building trades, the welfare offensive of the employers, the company unions, on labor and politics are fair jobs, though they tell us nothing new.

James Rorty rushes through twenty-two pages on The Post-War Social Mind, in which he collates labor, modern poetry, the novel, Keeping up with the Joneses, the new biography, and American imperialism. I know what he meant to do, but I do not think he did it. Dr. Sumner H. Slichter is all for being very, very "scientific" about the query: What is the Labor Movement? Most of the other essays cover the various conventional "new-union" developments, such as trade-union capitalism in its various phases, workers' education, industrial parliamentarianism, and such company-union schemes with union sanction as the B. and O. Plan, with the usual air of discovery which characterizes the "new-for-old" school of writers. Others deal with the psychological aspects of labor attitudes and leadership. Some of the contributions are competent enough, some read like the industrial idyls in an uplift journal. Probably the three worst essays are Joseph E. Kucher's study on labor organization tactics, John Brophy's fatuous "elements of a progressive union policy," and Professor Atkins's article on Labor Propaganda, in which latter I fail to find a single statement which is so. The three appendices—on labor opinion, on the labor press, and on labor's Who's Who—are not significant, which is what they were meant to be.

This book describes the protective coloration of American labor in the capitalist scene. It fails to analyze either the causes or the chemistry of this camouflage. It merely reflects the confusion of this process. But it is the best reflection of it which has as yet appeared. Mr. Hardman is a skilful editor and the percentage of his skilled contributors is unusually high.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Adventuring in India and Cathay

Daughters of India. By Margaret Wilson. Harper and Brothers. $2.

The Land of Green Ginger. By Winifred Holtby. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.

THE adventurer is coming into his own this year. And that the missionary, like the social worker and the social crusader, is quite as likely to be an adventurer as a sick soul I think Miss Wilson's novel abundantly makes clear. To assess its merits as a novel it would also be necessary to assess Mrs. Humphry Ward, Winston Churchill, Booth Tarkington, Alice Duer Miller, and even, whisper it discreetly, John Galsworthy. It would be necessary, that is to say, to determine just what it is that makes the novelists who are most widely read by the educated, substantial, non-long-haired people of a generation, and who in many respects deserve to be most widely read, not read at all by the long-haired, and destined—for this is the sole revenge of the ragged artist over his sleek compeer—for the attic in the next.

Miss Wilson, like the others mentioned above, has a decided talent for the novel, a much greater talent than Dreiser, for example. Yet Dreiser comes very near to being a great novelist, and Miss Wilson is miles away from that coveted place. She can bring very charmingly into her pages the stir and movement of life. She can reproduce the accents of speech and remember the fleeting physical expressions of personality. She can make us see and hear and touch her people. But she deals honestly with no single person, not even with the inimitable Miss Bhose, the sixty-five-year-old head of her girls' school, who "taught Sanskrit or Panjabi, as the occasion arose, Gurmukhi or English, Hindi or Hindustani, and now and then gave a helping hand to someone bemired in Arabic." Miss Bhose's little eccentricities and her big loyalties are amusingly exposed; Davida's little eccentricities and her big loyalties are amusingly exposed; John Ramsay's little eccentricities and his big loyalties are amusingly exposed. All of them are seen through the humorous, tolerant, and wholly unreal sentimental haze so dear to a host of readers. It is to be noted that it is much easier to criticize this literary weakness than to avoid it. The author who deals as honestly as God with his characters must be as ruthless as God. Weak flesh shrinks before the ordeal, the more so because these creatures the author must expose naked on the rocks of life are, after all, each one himself. Not until he himself has attained insensibility, or indifference, or a sublime sort of stoicism, can he do it. Insensibility and indifference pretty effectually rule him out as a novelist; and so there is still more room at the top than at the bottom of his profession.

I imagine that "The Land of Green Ginger" is a first novel. It is written with zest, with imagination, with opinionated honesty, with a hot love for life. If the author stacks her cards a little for Joanna and against Teddy it is because she admires courage, adventure, humor, and has read too much about the psychological sources of Teddy's idealism and his mystical religion. But even with Teddy she tries to be honest; and she kills him off more in sorrow than in hate. His swift reactions from his sexual abnegations are particularly well conceived, and explore a new stretch of fictional country. Throughout the characterizations are lively, and the prose often reaches a quite unusual distinction, almost worthy to be compared with the very beautiful passages from Sir Walter Raleigh that enthralled Joanna's imagination, and almost beautiful enough to make us forget the author's palpable unfairness to the Hungarian "Reds."

Yet the book seems to me important chiefly for its promise. I think this is perhaps due more to its lack of a consistent style than to any other one thing. The few books that get their heads above water in each generation usually do so because, in addition to other merits, their authors have succeeded in evolving an individual method of expression. Their prose is as straitly conditioned as poetry. Almost no sentence could be substituted by another hand without changing the tone and rhythm. The average writer just writes sentences, without regard to their relation to one another. Some may be very good. Some are mere passage work, put in to get over the ground. In spite of its many fine passages Miss Holtby's book falls into this class. But she could write a better one.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Emily Brontë

The Life and Private History of Emily Jane Brontë. By Romer Wilson. A. and C. Boni. $4.

OF the author of "Wuthering Heights" no biography has been written or ever will be. Not only was she inhumanly reticent but much that we might otherwise have learned from her correspondence was destroyed by the hyper-conscientious Charlotte. For the actual incidents of Emily's career we must rely, as Miss Wilson puts it, upon "a thin stream of inaccuracies weakly diluted with truth." On these inaccuracies Miss Wilson has not depended; she forswears the treacherous Mrs. Gaskell and casts a skeptical eye upon the dates and records of Charlotte. The result is not a biography and no claims for it as such are advanced. This book is a hypothetical spirit-

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ual portrait, drawn with almost incidental regard to the laws of chronology.

Miss Wilson's sources are two in number: one is the depth of her own personality; the other is Emily's poems (which properly include "Wuthering Heights"). Miss Wilson really possesses what Herr Ludwig would like to think he possesses: a power of self-identification with her subject. Born, like Emily, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, she absorbed, in early childhood, the strange demonic spirit of the moors which permeated the soul of Emily Brontë. She has grown up among the gnarled and muttering peasantry which has not changed much since 1840. Her work, too, in "The Death of Society" and "Martin Schüler," betrays a kinship with "Wuthering Heights" that is more than fantastic. She has actually thought herself into her heroine; when facts about the childhood of Emily are lacking she digs down into her own early memories and by some astonishing feat of clairvoyant transference makes the child Emily live. To put it as simply as possible, Miss Wilson depends largely on intuition; she has perhaps written the first Bergsonian life.

In addition to this remarkable empathetic power Miss Wilson has had the poems to draw on. With their aid she reconstructs a woman who has up to the present seemed as mysterious as she was alluring. It is impossible here to summarize her findings or to follow her brilliant tracing of Emily's emotional life in the "Gondal Poems" and "Wuthering Heights." Her suppositions, whether true or false, seem remarkably illuminating. Very clever, for instance, is her hypothesis of a childhood claustrophobic experience to account for the almost mad delight Emily took in the sensation of freedom which the moors gave her. Miss Wilson is the first critic to show the complete spiritual connection between the poems and "Wuthering Heights"; she uses the fragmentary "Gondal Poems" to explain the puzzling emotional maturity of the novel, the sensation one gets that Heathcliff and Catherine had been part of their creator's soul years before a line was written.

Her main critical contribution lies perhaps in the constant exposition of "Wuthering Heights" as pure lyric self-expression on Emily's part. It has been thought by many others that in the figures of Catherine and Heathcliff (for, as Miss Wilson shows, they are, in a profound sense, the same person) Emily was dramatizing her own tortured and divided soul; but now, for the first time, this is made credible. Carefully she traces the construction of the Heathcliff image in Emily's mind, from its first inception as a compensation mechanism whose purpose was a fantasy-defeat of the envied and brilliant Branwell to its final gigantic projection where it became the Dark Demon of all the great satanic artists—Milton, Rimbaud, Melville, Dostoevski.

One is likely to take issue with Miss Wilson on only one point. In order to account for the constant series of poems dealing with revenge, sin, expiation, and death which seems to have started in 1839 and culminated in "Wuthering Heights," Miss Wilson supposes some dreadful occurrence in Emily's life during the years 1837-1838. This is perhaps unnecessary literalness; psychologically it is perfectly possible to assume that the merest trifle may have released in Emily's brooding soul a mass of repressed emotion which objectified itself in a revenge-fantasy.

There is no space here to mention the innumerable startling *aperçus* which gleam from every page: the fine insight, for example, which sees Charlotte as lacking and Emily as possessing that psychic hermaphroditism which appears to have distinguished all great artists; or which explains the otherwise puzzling affection of the wild, dark Emily for the doll-like Anne as based on their common sense of artistic defiance of the world. In the simpler realm of pure scholarship Miss Wilson is an equally brilliant guide; one of her most illuminating points is concerned with the literary origin of "Wuthering Heights," which she clearly shows to be "The Entail" of E. T. A. Hoffmann, the German romanticist whom Emily had read during her Brussels period.

This is a book that you must either accept or reject; there is no compromise possible. Miss Wilson makes no bones about it; she admits constantly that her conclusions are the result of feeling and poetic sympathy. She may be totally wrong; but there is no one who can prove it; and there are many who will find her portrait of a greatly misunderstood genius marvelously convincing.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Jazz vs. the Jazz Question

The Appeal of Jazz. By R. W. S. Mendl. London: Philip Allan.

ONE reads some of the material in this book at a loss to know why it was included or why it was put in one place rather than another; and Mr. Mendl's own reasons are often worse than none. But though the book is badly put together and the pattern of its ideas therefore hard to follow, its actual contents are the first to deserve attention. Mr. Mendl has knowledge and understanding of music, which Whiteman had not; and he is not out to show off, as both Whiteman and Osgood were. In fact, he is so serious himself that he takes jazz much too seriously.

Mr. Mendl discusses, of course, the origin and characteristics of jazz, his views being the accepted ones. In due time he comes to its melodic poverty and the result thereof, namely, the jazzing of serious music; and on this he does his best writing. It is obvious enough that one may not object to the mere borrowing of a theme; what one may demand is that the borrowing be justified by the use made of the theme, as Brahms justifies his borrowing of a theme of Haydn or Handel. Osgood, after saying as much, found the borrowing so justified; Mr. Mendl, on the contrary, finds that the jazz versions of serious music "do not add anything of value to our experience, whether of a humorous or of a serious kind. . . . Instead of opening up fresh paths of delight they detract from the beauty of the original. They do not even aim at the gentle and subtle art of parody, much less do they achieve it." And whereas Osgood cited "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows" as a successful example, Mr. Mendl refers to it as a wretched example and uses the term outrage to characterize, among other things, the altering of "Chopin's exquisite turn of phrase into the weakest and most banal of semi-cadences." This alone disposes of the usual argument, repeated by Whiteman and Osgood, that the jazz versions popularize the originals: a false notion of a piece of music cannot establish the true one; rather, once established it cannot be displaced by the true one; and the true one does not need such help.[1] All this is apart from the more important fact that the poverty of original jazz melody is not cured by melodies borrowed from serious music.

Another good chapter is the one in which Mr. Mendl disposes of some of the reasons with which some people justify their opposition to jazz. As for this opposition itself, he has already shown it to be unprecedented and unjustifiable in his opening chapters, in which he recalls the original and continued connection between music and the dance, and between previous dances and great composers. One may, that is, say no more against jazz than against the waltz. And I suspect that less would be said against jazz if less were said for it. Much of the unprecedented opposition may be attributed to the equally unprecedented claims of its advocates.[2] I am not aware that the waltz was ever treated as something that would alter the course of music; and I am sure that if it had there would have been the same attempts to put the waltz in its

[1] And yet Mr. Mendl agrees with them that an appreciation of jazz is an important step toward the appreciation of serious music.

[2] I am not considering the opposition aroused by some of the dances and other behavior associated with the music.

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proper place as are provoked today by the ridiculous talk about jazz. The older dance music remained dance music (not necessarily to be danced to) even when it was written by a great composer; and it was recognized that while Brahms might write charming waltzes he would write quartets and symphonies with which his waltzes could have little to do. But if Mr. Mendl must cite the history of the waltz to establish the mere legitimacy of the new dance music, it is partly because he himself forgets its history sufficiently to treat jazz as something more than dance music, and to ponder over its present and future as though these were bound up with the future of serious music. Much of his book, much of any book, deals, necessarily, not with jazz but with the artificial issues of an unnecessary jazz question.

B. H. HAGGIN

Kerensky's Story

The Catastrophe. Kerensky's Own Story of the Russian Revolution. By Alexander F. Kerensky. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

IMAGINE that the Congress of the United States, aided by the army and navy, suddenly took it into its head to arrest Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge and lock them up in the White House, then threw Messrs. Mellon, Hoover, and Kellogg into Sing Sing, and elected a cabinet or committee to run the government. That government, I dare say, would not be very different from the present one. But the revolution of March, 1917, which brought Kerensky to the top did something very similar. The Czar, if he had had any brains, might have appointed no less conservative a group of ministers than that which appeared on March 16 as the Provisional Government. Prince Lvov, the Premier, was branded by the populace as a representative of the "propertied zemstvos"; Miliukov, Foreign Minister, insisted on the conquest of Constantinople by Russia; Gutchkoff, chief of the War Department, was, according to Kerensky, an "intimate friend and adviser" of Stolypin, the champion executioner and reactionary in modern Russian history; Terestchenko, Minister of Finance, later, as we are told by Ambassador Francis, tried to reach and cooperate with Kolchak, the monarchist "dictator" of Siberia; Konovalov, Minister of Commerce and Industry, was the Gary of Russia; V. Lvov, Procurator of the Holy Synod (an office no one thought of abolishing), is set down by Kerensky as a "big landed proprietor," and the others were no more revolutionary. Kerensky was really the only so-called "Socialist." But anyone reading this story of his catastrophe as a statesman will not escape the impression that he was about as red as Senator Borah, though far less upright and manly.

Kerensky believed that "some divine spirit" created the revolution and that "this immense upheaval . . . was made possible only by divine grace." By the help of God, then, a lively sprinkling of millionaires in the cabinet, and "I," "I," "I," Kerensky thought he could fashion a new Russia. The Russia of those days was remolding itself. What happened is no credit to Kerensky. He was the pontoon bridge between the past and the present, and no sooner had the crossing been made than the pontoon was broken up and ceased to have value, interest, or significance.

Memoirs, especially those written by such conceited people as Kerensky, cannot be trustworthy history. If we were to accept this book as fact, everything the author undertook proved successful. Even that miserable, criminal July offensive in Galicia which cost him 50,000 to 60,000 lives was worth while. How is it, then, that after all these successes the hero had to escape from Petrograd in an official United States car bearing the Stars and Stripes on the radiator? This incident and others recounted in the last chapter do not testify to popularity or mass support. The auto episode as related by Mr. Francis differs in every detail from Kerensky's story.

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Kerensky has a good word for everybody, for the Czar, for Kornilov, Denikin, and Kaledin. He tried to keep Gutchkoff, the monarchist, from resigning. Only the Bolsheviks get his criticism—and in 1927 he explains their acts on the ground that they were German agents.

This volume is extremely self-condemnatory in effect. The only part contributing to a clarification of the March to November, 1917, period is that devoted to the collapse of the army. Kerensky saw and explains this well but he does not understand that such a condition could not be remedied by throwing hundreds of thousands of trench-weary mujiks into the mouths of fire-spitting cannon. The nation wanted peace and land and radical reform. Kerensky gave them hell. "I summon you not to a feast but to death," he declaimed before a conference of army representatives. Death, however, even when proposed in Kerensky's mellifluous voice, is not half as sweet as a farm and a vote in the soviet.

LOUIS FISCHER

Books in Brief

Public Welfare Administration. By Sophonisba P. Breckinridge. University of Chicago Press. $4.50.

Miss Breckinridge by skilful use of documentary sources shows how inadequately the field of public-welfare administration has been studied by the social or political scientist or the social worker, and what boundless opportunities it presents for further research.

Why Stop Learning? By Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

After pointing out the pitfalls which beset the path of the half-educated adult, pathetically eager for culture, Mrs. Fisher shows the movements that are leading toward real education—such agencies as libraries, museums, women's clubs, child-study clubs. She foresees a future where poetry and essays will be advertised with the energy now devoted to cigarettes and oil, where the Tex Rickards of the twenty-first century will promote debates on the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, and the straphangers will sway to and fro, poring over pocket editions of the classics instead of the comic strips. Maybe so. In our own day we have seen a history of the world and a book on philosophy become best sellers and a champion pugilist who read Swinburne.

The Social Theories of L. T. Hobhouse. By Hugh Carter. University of North Carolina Press. $1.50.

Dr. Carter fails to present an adequate picture of the political and social setting of Hobhouse's writings and to trace their influence on British, Continental, and American thought. Furthermore, reading a book on the social theories of Hobhouse without a thorough analysis of his philosophy is like eating an orange without juice. Dr. Carter has made an unsophisticated study of a difficult subject and has presented his conclusions with almost elementary simplicity. His book merits attention only as a preliminary discussion of the work of one who has been neglected personally but who, indirectly, has had a profound influence on sociological thought in America.

The Inquisition from Its Establishment to the Great Schism. By A. L. Maycock. Harper and Brothers. $4.

An introductory study of heresy and of the methods employed by the Holy Office in eradicating it during an epoch when church and state were supposedly one and when heresy was a crime as well as a sin. The author has drawn much of his material from standard secondary accounts. His conception of the role of the inquisition in the Middle Ages seems to lie somewhere between that visualized by Bernard Shaw in "Saint Joan" and that depicted in the late Henry C. Lea's monumental work on the Holy Office.

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Lord Northcliffe: a Study. By R. Macnair Wilson. J. B. Lippincott Company. $5.

Those friends and colleagues of Lord Northcliffe who did not quarrel with him fell under a spell that completely numbed their critical faculties. Mr. Wilson is an example of this, and his "study," consequently, is a piece of rather mawkish sentimentalism of very little value. Northcliffe's success was founded on the discovery that compulsory education in England had produced a vast market for popular reading matter. The press he created to satisfy this demand was a magnificent piece of newspaper organization from the technical point of view. If he had used it to promote a finer civilization instead of to stimulate jingoism and sweet-pea culture we might have subscribed to the halo Mr. Wilson has given him.

Brother John, a Tale of the First Franciscans. By Vida D. Scudder. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

Unlike other stories of the Middle Ages, Miss Scudder's narrative of a thirteenth-century friar bears few of the wonted features of high romance—young ambition convoyed by adventure, caressed by love, and crowned by fortune. Here noble youth dons the gray garb of renunciation, carries the bare cross through lowly ways, serves but one mistress, Lady Poverty, and wins the long-pursued Naughting or Nothingness in a prison cell. In due accord with history the author visualizes the divisions and discords of the brotherhood and suggests virulent germs of disease that were later to sap its strength. Unhappily the reader cannot escape the impression that the truest son of Francis is the fictitious hero, whose zeal is rewarded by Franciscan leaders with confinement unto death.

Drama

TWO revivals have given a fillip to the dying New York season. At the Erlanger Theater an all-star cast has resurrected Sardou's "Diplomacy." Let it be said at once that the production is much marred by the failure to wear the costumes of the seventies when it was first produced in New York. It is so patently of a much earlier period, long before the world turned upside down, that, despite an occasional effort to modernize the text, the effort to pass it off as of today fails. The bride in her ultra-modern wedding dress is as incongruous as the beautiful legs of Helen Gahagan, who plays admirably the part of the woman spy, the Countess Zita. As a whole, the play has lost much during fifty years. It was forced and artificial enough when first produced; it creaks at the joints today despite many brilliant and witty lines. It is hard to think of a sane diplomat carelessly leaving about the dispatch-box which contains the secret document upon the safety of which his honor and career depend, and it is certainly most thoughtful of the international spy and thief to use so incredibly strong a perfume as to scent everything she touches. In the cast, whose performance is smooth and often delightful, Jacob Ben-Ami, Helen Gahagan, and Margaret Anglin stand out.

At the Hampden Theater for a week the Players' Club gave their annual revival performance, choosing "The Beaux' Stratagem," the last comedy of George Farquhar, first given in 1707 just before the tragic death of the young author. Introduced by a charming prologue, written by Edgar Lee Masters, and somewhat revised as to text to suit a time not yet as free in its discourse as the Restoration, the whole performance was a delight, with James T. Powers as the servant, Scrub, keeping the audience in roars of laughter by his perfect Scotch brogue and by acting which could not be bettered. Fay Bainter, Dorothy Stickney, Helen Menken, Raymond Hitchcock, O. P. Heggie, and Fred Eric were others in a clever and brilliant performance.

Both performances must whet the growing appetite for a permanent revival theater.

O. G. V.

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International Relations Section

Indonesian Students in the Dutch Courts

By ARTHUR MÜLLER LEHNING

Amsterdam, April 1

AFTER the insurrections which broke out in Java in November, 1926, and two months later in Sumatra, had been swiftly and bloodily suppressed, with thousands imprisoned or deported to barren New Guinea, the Dutch government turned its attention to the Indonesian students in Holland, who had formed an association, the Perhimpoenan Indonesia, to help win independence for their native country.

In June, 1927, the police organized sudden domiciliary visits in the Hague and Leyden. The rooms of the students were searched, and their books, pamphlets, and correspondence seized. So well was the raid prepared that the next day the bourgeois papers carried detailed reports of the subversive activities of the students. The semi-official government telegraph agency, Aneta, which maintains the intelligence service between Holland and her colonies, at once sent a column-long telegram about the discovery of a plot against the Dutch state. The houses had been searched, the papers said, because the members of the Perhimpoenan Indonesia were suspected of belonging to a "forbidden association." For days the papers circulated news and rumors from government sources about the discovery of a "Communist plot."

Two months after this raid, with the public mind prepared, four leading members of the Perhimpoenan Indonesia, all students, were arrested. After six months in jail without bail—in violation of the law—they were at last arraigned, in March, 1928. The charge was inciting to insurrection by articles in the organ of the Perhimpoenan Indonesia—*Indonesia Merdeka* [Free Indonesia]. This paper appears in both the Dutch and Malay languages. This was the only charge. The enormous amount of material seized during the search, which it took a special judicial commission months to examine, furnished no basis for the charge of belonging to a "forbidden association"—meaning Communist—which the government had so loudly proclaimed.

This political prosecution obviously had the object of destroying the machinery of the Perhimpoenan Indonesia, especially by discovering its connections with Indonesia. For their paper—*Indonesia Merdeka*—had not only asserted that the attempt of a small country like Holland despotically to rule 50,000,000 Malays must lead sooner or later to violent conflict, but it had also published from private sources startling facts which the telegraph agency, Aneta had suppressed. Eye-witness affidavits told of the bloody suppression of the insurrection, of brutalities by the Dutch soldiery, of wholesale arrests, of a reign of terror and torture. Among the accounts was a circumstantial story that innocent persons were bound to trees to be bitten by large and voracious ants in order to extort confessions. The desire to trace the origin of this material was probably a more urgent reason for the domiciliary visits, the confiscations, and the arrests than the suspicion of a "Communist plot."

On March 8 and 9 the case was brought to trial before the court at the Hague. All imperialist governments assume that nationalist insurrections in the East are due to conspiracies in Moscow, so the public prosecutor tried to prove a connection between the Indonesian students and European Communists. His attempt was a complete fiasco. The subversive character of the articles which the prisoners wrote was so unconvincing that the prosecution dragged in some articles published years ago, which had nothing whatever to do with the charges and which were, in any case, not actionable.

Counsel for the defense pointed out that if such press utterances were actionable the law courts would be working day and night. No public prosecutor in Holland, said he, thinks of taking action against articles opposing the present constitution which appear daily in the extreme radical papers.

Since the case ultimately rested not on a question of "incriminating articles," but on the revolutionary activities of the Indonesian nationalists, the public prosecutor demanded a total of nine and a half years' imprisonment for the four students. He attacked the secret activities of the association, but the defense showed that these were due to the illegal action of high Dutch officials who sent police spies into their circles and opened their mail. Mohammed Hatta, the leader of the accused students, in his speech for the defense, exclaimed:

> We have been persecuted for years. . . . We believed that here in the land of Grotius, where so much is said about the constitutional rights of the free citizen, these elementary rights would apply to us too. It has been proved, however, that as we could not be legally prosecuted, other and immoral means were employed to strike at us. Members of our families in Indonesia were threatened with dismissal from the government service if they continued to send money to their sons who remained members of the Perhimpoenan Indonesia. In this way the Christian Dutch government provoked conflict between fathers and sons, between the older and younger generations.
>
> We do not make propaganda for violence. But an analysis of colonial conditions teaches us that the independence of Indonesia can be gained only by violence. This has been declared as a fact, not only by us, but also by members of Parliament and by missionaries. Two tendencies stand irreconcilably opposed to each other: Dutch imperialism, which will keep its colonies at any price, and the Indonesian nationlist movement, which aspires to complete independence. As with all other peoples, a day will dawn when the Indonesians will take their place among free peoples. The fight for this freedom has commenced. It does not depend on Indonesia, nor on us, but on Holland alone, as to whether or not this freedom will be won without violence and bloodshed.

The court exhibited a spirit of independence despite the government's demands for conviction and despite the agitation of the bourgeois press. The accused were acquitted.

In next week's International Relations Section will appear an article on Labor in the Belgian Congo, by Raymond Leslie Buell of the Foreign Policy Association.

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